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HAUNTED.

IN the shadow and the sighing, and the
rain,
In the desolation dreary
Comes a moaning long and weary,
Comes a murmur and a crying, as of pain ;
And I listen through the sighing and the
rain.

All the night I lie and listen in my fear ;
And with spirit sadly daunted,
In the chamber shadow-haunted,
See the fitful moonlight glisten, white and
clear —
Hear a moaning as I listen, ever near.

Who is whispering and calling through the
rain ?
Far above the tempest's crashing,
And the torrent's ceaseless dashing,
I can hear a weary calling, as of pain —
Far above the torrent's falling, and the
rain ;

Far above the wind that rushes through
the trees —
Yet so soft, I scarcely hear it,
And so gentle — who could fear it ? —
Like a lullaby that hushes, like a breeze
When the purple sunset flushes o'er the
seas.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

English Illustrated Magazine.

THE WALLED GARDEN.

AN ancient garden with a crumbling wall —
Here let me idly roam the livelong day,
'Mid old gnarled pear-trees, hung with
lichens grey ;
Through pathways doomed to slow efface-
ment all ;
On grassy borders, where in silence fall
The drifted petals of the browning may ;
By honeyed banks where wanton breezes
stray,
And scents commingled ev'ry air enthrall.

A garden fair, wherein to court mine ease,
To wander, heedless if the shadows pass
O'er the grey sundial peeping from the
grass —
A haunted garden, mid the age-bent trees
Fair Julia's lover may have wooed the
shade,
And with his amorous lute in idlesse
played !

Good Words.

FRANK MILLER.

ENGLISH STORNELLI.

I.

Be quick, be quick! The thrush's voice
rings clear,
Be quick, O Spring, be quick to come and
cheer
My weary heart, that for so long has lain
Fallow beneath the winter snows and rain ;
Be quick, be quick ! that joys may yield
increase,
And all my day be filled with thy sweet
peace :

Be quick, O Spring, to hasten on thy way,
And with thy sunshine gladden all my day.

II.

Blow, winds of Spring ! while fast across
the sky
The white clouds sail like ships on summer
sea ;
The lark pours out his tuneful joy on high,
And daisies dapple all the sunny lea :
Winds, birds, and flowers, for thee, O
Spring, are glad ;
Only my heart, poor aching heart, is sad.

Blow, winds of Spring, the clouds from my
sad heart,
That joy may blossom, have therein a part.
Academy. ARTHUR WRIGHT.

THE EMPTY NEST.

I SAUNTER all about the pleasant place
You made thrice pleasant, O my friends,
to me ;
But you have gone where laughs in radiant
grace
That thousand-memored unimpulsive
sea.
To storied precincts of the Southern foam,
Dear birds of passage, ye have taken
wing ;
And ah ! for me, when April wafts you
home,
The Spring will more than ever be the
Spring.
Still lovely, as of old, this haunted ground ;
Tenderly, still, the Autumn sunshine
falls ;
And gorgeously the woodlands tower
around,
Freak'd with wild light at golden inter-
vals ;
Yet, for the ache your absence leaves, O
friends,
Earth's lifeless pageantries are poor amends.
Spectator. WILLIAM WATSON.

From The Church Quarterly Review.

JOHN RUSKIN.¹

THE century is drawing to a close, the sands of the hour-glass are fast running out, and the number of its years will soon be told. And as the hurrying march of time bears us onward, the men who have made this nineteenth-century England of ours what she is are rapidly passing out of sight. One by one they have left us, these giants of old days, who fifty years ago bore the brunt of the battle, and fought their way through storm and stress. Carlyle and Newman, Browning and Tennyson, poets and prophets, painters and thinkers, we have seen them die full of years and honors, leaving a bright track of light to guide our footsteps through the darkness which hides them from our eyes. Here and there one remains to make us wonder at the fire of an ardor which is still unspent, and of an energy which age cannot destroy. And one other there is, a mighty prophet in his day, who has laid down his sword and shield, and withdrawn himself from the din and tumult of the camp. In his home on the heights above Coniston Water, Mr. Ruskin is spending a calm and tranquil old age. For him the heat and burden of the day are over, and the repose of evening has been well earned. But in his peaceful retreat on that lovely shore he is not forgotten. His presence seems to cast a blessed influence over all that mountain region, and the thoughts of his countrymen go out to him in love and reverence. His name has become a household word in English homes; thousands of workers through the breadth and length of the land remember him with grateful affection as they go out to their daily toil. Many and great are the services which he has rendered the men and women of this generation. He has opened their eyes to the beauty of common things; to the splendor of the grass which grows

upon the mountain-side; to the perfect shape of the swallow that skims the summer air. He has told them the wonderful meanings which lie hidden in the sculptured stones of Venice or the storied marbles of the Shepherd's Tower. More than this, in an age when the struggle of life is fierce, and the pressing claims of things present are apt to make us lose sight of higher and diviner aims, Mr. Ruskin has never ceased to call us to a life of high and holy faith in God and active love to man. He has lifted up his voice boldly to rebuke the idlers and the pleasure-seekers, and to remind us that man does not live by bread alone. "The greatness of a nation," he has often said, "must be measured not alone by its wealth and apparent power, but by the degree in which its people have learned together in the great world of books, of art, and of nature, pure and ennobling joys."

Wherever the English language is spoken his books are read. His words have borne their message to other realms, and in the furthest climes his name is honored to-day by every honest seeker after truth. Count Leo Tolstoi, the well-known Russian philanthropist, told an Englishman the other day that he thought Ruskin one of the greatest men of the age; and that if all Englishmen did not agree with him in this, it was because no man is a prophet in his own country. But there is no doubt, he added, that future ages will do him justice.

The practice of writing biographies of distinguished persons during their lifetime is growing every day more common. It may not commend itself to our old-fashioned ideas, and it is attended with some obvious drawbacks; but whether for good or evil, the custom has become general. Mr. Collingwood, who has given us a life of Ruskin in two handsome volumes, illustrated with portraits of his hero at different stages of his life, has more to say in defence of his action than most biographers of living celebrities. A whole literature, as he remarks, has already grown up around Mr. Ruskin's

¹ The Life and Work of John Ruskin. By W. G. Collingwood, M.A., Editor of "The Poems of John Ruskin," etc., with Portraits and other Illustrations, in two volumes. London, 1893.

name. Studies of Ruskin's life and work, epitomes of his art-teaching, accounts of the many public institutions which he has founded or helped, have been published in a score of different magazines. His position as an art critic has been savagely attacked and vigorously defended. His theories and schemes of social reform have been the object of much friendly criticism, and not a little good-tempered ridicule. Miss Thackeray has devoted a charming chapter to her recollections of her father's friend, and Mr. Ruskin himself has, in his "*Præterita*," given us the most delightful autobiography of his youth. We can only hope, in common with all those who have enjoyed those vivid and original pages, that he may yet live once again to take up his pen and give us some more of those recollections which bring the scenes of past days and their actors before us in a way that nothing else can ever do. But since at his age and in his declining health, we fear this must remain uncertain, we welcome this biography, written by one who has long enjoyed Mr. Ruskin's confidence, and that of his nearest friends and relations, as the best substitute that we can have for a continuation of "*Præterita*."

Mr. Collingwood, it is well known, has acted in the capacity of private secretary to Mr. Ruskin for many years. He has lived with him at Brantwood, and has been liberally supplied with material for his present work by himself and his friends. Miss Prout, the daughter of the artist, has contributed her reminiscences of young Ruskin in his early days at Denmark Hill. Both Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn, who have during many years made their home with Mr. Ruskin, have given the author the benefit of their help and advice. Mr. Severn has adorned the book with a lovely drawing of Brantwood and Coniston Water, as well as sketches of Mr. Ruskin's former homes at Denmark Hill and Herne Hill, while Mrs. Severn has not only lent several of her cousin's drawings, including an admirable likeness of the great man by his own hand, a sketch

of rare interest and value, but has herself revised the proofs of the whole work, making several important additions and corrections; so that the present life comes to us with the highest sanction and authority. Mr. Collingwood does not pretend to give us an exhaustive criticism of Mr. Ruskin's teaching either in art or ethics. His work is of a purely biographical character, and the chief events of Mr. Ruskin's life are set down in proper order from his birth until the present day. We have a full account of his journeys, of his studies, of his books, his lectures; of all the strange variety of schemes which have engrossed his time and thoughts in turn. And we have, too, many of Mr. Ruskin's own letters, as well as several from Carlyle, from Robert Browning and his wife, and other friends, which are now published for the first time. A full and accurate chronological table, a bibliography of Mr. Ruskin's writings, and a catalogue of his drawings are added at the end of each volume, and greatly increase the interest and usefulness of the work.

John Ruskin was born at his father's house in Bloomsbury—54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, on February 8, 1819. Both his parents were of Scottish birth. His father, the son of an Edinburgh tradesman, came to seek his fortunes in London as a boy, and worked his way upwards until, about 1809, he entered into partnership with a Spanish sherry merchant, Mr. Peter Domecq, the owner of large vineyards at Macharnudo, in Spain. Ruskin contributed the brains, Domecq the sherry, and a third partner, Mr. Henry Telford, the capital necessary for the undertaking. The business prospered under the management of the shrewd and energetic young Scotchman, who conducted the correspondence, travelled for orders, and directed the Spanish growers himself. By degrees he made a considerable fortune, paid off the debts of his less prosperous father, and after nine years of work and waiting, married his cousin, Margaret Cox, and settled in a house in Bloomsbury. Mr.

Ruskin, who was the only child of this excellent couple, has himself made us familiar with the virtues and the peculiarities, the habits and the beliefs, of both his parents. We know them both intimately—the father, “that entirely honest man,” going daily backwards and forwards to his office, yet relieving his business cares by his love of books and pictures, regarded in the light of a household god at home—the mother, passionately devoted to her child, but unflinching in her stern Puritan rule, making little John learn whole chapters of the Bible by heart at a sitting, allowing him a single currant when he came to dessert, and rigidly putting away all toys, even the Punch and Judy dressed in scarlet and gold, which a kind aunt brought him from the Soho Bazaar. Peace, obedience, and faith, and the habit of fixed attention were, Mr. Ruskin considers, the chief advantages of this early training. Its defects were its formalism and hardness. “I had nothing to love,” he writes in “*Præterita*,” “my parents were, in a sort, visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and moon.”

Happily for the lonely child, born in the heart of London, he was from the first familiar with country sights and sounds. His early summers were spent at Hampstead and Dulwich. At three years old he went to Scotland and there first saw the mountains which have been the true love of his life. When on his return his portrait was painted by Northcote, the artist asked him what background he would like, the child answered without a moment's hesitation, “Blue hills.” The next year his parents moved to a house on Herne Hill, surrounded by green fields and spacious gardens that were an Eden for the little boy—“all the more,” Mr. Collingwood suggests, “that the fruit of it was forbidden” (i. 18). Here John Ruskin's youth was spent. Here the first volume of “*Modern Painters*” was composed, and here, on May 10, 1886, he wrote the preface to “*Præterita*.”

I write these few prefatory words on my father's birthday, in what was once my

nursery in his old house—to which he brought my mother and me, sixty-two years since, I being then four years old. . . . I have written frankly, garrulously, and at ease; speaking of what it gives me joy to remember, at any length I like—sometimes very carefully of what I think it may be useful for others to know; and passing in total silence things which I have no pleasure in reviewing (pp. v., vii).

Ruskin père still travelled for the business, and every spring, generally on May 10, the birthday observed with the solemnity of a religious festival, the family set out in their carriage and journeyed by easy stages to the north, calling at towns and great country seats in turn, and seeing churches and castles, lakes and mountains, in their intervals of leisure. The English lakes, and Scotland, Wales, and Paris were all visited in this manner. These summer tours were events of great importance in the boy Ruskin's life. He has told us how full of wonder and delight the world seemed to him as, sitting propped up by his own little trunk, between his parents, in the postchaise, he looked out through the glass windows at the country on either side. How tenderly he recalls the days when he rambled with his nurse among the steep rocks and gnarled trunks of Friar's Crag, or gleaned the ripe corn in the harvest-fields on Tay side with his Scotch cousins.

I hesitate in recording, as a constant truth for the world, the impression left on me, when I went gleaming with Jessie, that Scottish sheaves are more golden than are found in other lands, and that no harvests, elsewhere visible to human eyes, are so like the “corn of heaven,” as those of Strath-Tay and Strath-Earn.¹

But this wise child was not content with seeing. He had already begun to describe what he saw on his travels; to write down, on his return to the hotel in the evening, what he had seen in the day. The sight of Skiddaw and of Snowdon inspired him with a burst of song. His journals became poems, and when he was just fourteen he poured out his love for the “blue hills,” and

¹ *Præterita*, i. 103.

for those very Coniston Crags where day by day he still sees the morning break, in the following lines : —

I weary for the fountain foaming,
For shady holm and hill ;
My mind is on the mountain roaming,
My spirit's voice is still.

The crags are lone on Coniston
And Glaramara's dell,
And dreary on the mighty one,
The cloud-enwreathed Scafell.

Oh ! what although the crags be stern,
Their mighty peaks that sever —
Fresh flies the breeze on mountain fern,
And free on mountain heather.

There is a thrill of strange delight
That passes quivering o'er me,
When blue hills rise upon the sight
Like summer clouds before me.

A present of Rogers's "Italy," illustrated with Turner's vignettes, on his birthday that year, first inspired him with admiration for this painter, and a few weeks later the pleasure which both he and his father took in Prout's "Sketches in Flanders and Germany" made his mother suggest a tour on the Continent. So, the day after his father's birthday, the whole family set off, travelling in good old-fashioned style, with four horses and postillions, maidservants, and courier. They worked slowly through Flanders and up the Rhine, never in a hurry, finding good horses and pleasant rooms everywhere, and people who took off their hats to them when they arrived and departed. When they reached Schaffhausen they took a walk one Sunday evening, and there, standing on a garden terrace, John Ruskin caught his first sight of the Alps.

They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the setting sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed ; the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us ; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death.¹

At every place he wrote verses and made pen-and-ink sketches in imitation of Turner's vignettes. The gift of

Saussure's "Voyages dans les Alpes" on his next birthday gave him new interest in physical geology, and his first published work was a short essay "On the Strata of Mont Blanc," which appeared in Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History* for March, 1834, together with a letter in which he inquired the cause of the color of the Rhine water. The next year the Ruskins went abroad again. This time they visited Venice and Verona — where young Ruskin made careful drawings of the Scaligeri monuments — and spent some time in Switzerland. While at Lucerne he went up the Righi and saw the wonderful storm sunset, moonlight, and daybreak, which he afterwards described in a famous passage of "Modern Painters." Mr. Ruskin returned home with his family for Christmas, 1835, and a few weeks later received a visit from Mr. Domecq, his partner in the wine business, and his four daughters, whom John Ruskin calls "the first really well-bred and well-dressed girls" he had met. He promptly fell in love with the eldest of the four, Adèle, and wrote stories for her amusement, and poems in which he proclaimed his passion. The bright-eyed French girl laughed at her boyish lover and his strange, shy ways, but young Ruskin remained constant, and when four years afterwards he heard of her marriage to a French baron, the shock brought on a serious illness.

But neither love nor despair could make him idle. His classical education had hitherto been conducted in a somewhat desultory manner. First one master, then another, had taught him Greek and Latin. He had taken lessons in mathematics and attended courses of lectures at King's College to prepare himself for matriculation at Oxford. His father destined him for the Church, and hoped to see him a bishop before he died. Before he was three years old he had climbed into a chair and preached his first sermon, thumping on a red cushion before him, and saying, "Peeple, be dood. If you are dood, Dod will love you. If you are not dood, Dod will not love you.

¹ Præterita, i. 195.

Peep, be dood" (i. 21). A sermon which, as Miss Thackeray remarks, Mr. Ruskin has been preaching all his life long. With this end in view, young Ruskin's name was put down by his father at Christ Church, and here he entered as gentleman commoner in January, 1837. His mother, in her anxiety to be near her son, left home and took lodgings in the High Street, where she remained during his residence at college, and saw him constantly. The three years which he spent at Oxford were not thrown away. Young Ruskin studied hard, made friends with Dr. Acland and the veteran geologist, Dr. Buckland, and won the Newdigate after two unsuccessful attempts, in the first of which Dean Stanley bore off the prize. But he did not neglect his art-studies, and found time to write a series of papers on "The Poetry of Architecture, or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe considered in its association with Natural Scenery and National Character," which appeared in *Loudon's* magazine, and have been quite recently published in a separate form. His love and admiration for Turner increased daily, and on his twenty-first birthday his father presented him with a picture of Winchelsea by his favorite master, and gave him an allowance of 200*l.* a year for pocket-money. The first use he made of his wealth was to buy another Turner, a drawing of Harlech Castle. The transaction, Mr. Collingwood tells us, was by no means agreeable to his father "the canny Scotch merchant, who had heaped up riches, hoping his son would gather them" (i. 89); but even his parent's disapproval could not damp the young man's pride and delight in his newly acquired treasure. "It was not a piece of painted paper, but a Welsh castle and village, and Snowdon in blue cloud, that I bought for my seventy pounds."¹ The purchase of this picture, moreover, led to an introduction to the painter himself, whom young Ruskin met at the house of the dealer who had sold him the

Harlech Castle. He records the impression which his first sight of Turner made upon him in his journal in the following characteristic lines:—

I found in him a somewhat eccentric, keen-mannered, matter-of-fact, English-minded gentleman; good-natured evidently, bad-tempered evidently, hating humbug of all sorts, shrewd, perhaps a little selfish, highly intellectual, the powers of the mind not brought out with any delight in their manifestation or intention of display, but flashing out occasionally in a word or look. Pretty close that [he adds later] and fully to be set down at the first glimpse, and set down the same evening (i. 90).

Three months after his coming of age, a sudden breakdown of health brought Ruskin's Oxford career to an abrupt end. This collapse was caused partly by overwork, partly by the grief at the disappointment of the love affair on which his hopes had been set. He was ordered abroad for the winter, fell ill with fever in Rome, and was taken by his parents to Naples, and afterwards to Venice and Switzerland. On his return to England he went up to Oxford for a pass, and took his B.A. degree in May, 1841.

When I was sure I had got through [he writes] I went out for a walk in the fields north of New College, happy in the sense of recovered freedom, but extremely doubtful to what use I should put it. There I was at two-and-twenty, with such and such powers, all second-rate, except the analytical ones, which were as much in embryo as the rest, and which I had no means of measuring; such and such likings hitherto indulged rather against conscience, and a dim sense of duty to myself, my parents, and a daily more vague shadow of Eternal Law. What should I be or do? . . . Oxford taught me as much Latin and Greek as she could, and though I think she might have also told me that fritillaries grew in Ifley meadow, it was better that she left me to find them for myself. I must get on to the days of opening sight and effective labor, and to the scenes of nobler education, which all men who keep their hearts open receive in the end of days.²

The result of these meditations appeared in the first volume of "Modern

¹ *Præterita*, ii. 29.

² *Præterita*, ii. 33.

Painters," which the young Oxford graduate wrote in the autumn and winter of 1842, in his Herne Hill home, and read chapter by chapter each morning at breakfast, to the delight of his admiring parents. The book was published in April, 1843, and soon made its mark. By the end of the year its success was assured. The poet Rogers kept it on his table, Tennyson longed so much to see it that he wrote to beg his publisher to borrow it for him, since he could not afford to buy it. Even the reviewer in *Blackwood*, who took up the cudgels in defence of cherished prejudices and reputations attacked by this daring young writer, allowed that the book was the work of a man of power, who thought independently and felt strongly, and had "a mortal aversion to be in a crowd."

In 1844 the family went to Switzerland again to enable the artist-author to prepare drawings for his second volume, in which mountain forms were to be further illustrated. But on the way home Ruskin spent some days in the Louvre, and for the first time saw and loved Perugino and Bellini. He had been scoffing at the ancients; at Poussin, Canaletto, and the Dutchmen, because they could not draw rocks and trees; now he discovered that there had been a great age of art even before Rubens and Michelangelo. He went home to study Rio and Lord Lindsay, and to write about the real old masters. And the next spring he visited Italy, for the first time without his parents. Then Florence and Lucca and Pisa revealed their glories to him. He stood in the shadow of Giotto's Tower, and spent long mornings copying the frescoes in the cloisters of S. Marco and of Santa Maria Novella. He dreamt away the days in the glowing sunlight, gazing on the fretted pinnacles of Santa Maria della Spina, the jewel shrine of Pisa; and he saw and loved the marble form of Ilaria di Caretto, where she lies in her last, long sleep, under the cathedral wall of Lucca. Then he went on to Venice, and found himself face to face with Tintoretto. He worked for weeks in

the Scuola di San Rocco, copying Tintoret's frescoes and making a catalogue of his works. He studied every bit of architectural detail in the walls of St. Mark's and of the Doge's Palace, and laid the foundations of another great work, "The Stones of Venice." His new thoughts and hopes are vigorously expressed in a letter which he wrote from Venice to an old friend, Mr. Joseph Severn, whose cartoon had lately gained a prize at the competition for the mural decoration of Westminster Hall:—

With your hopes for the elevation of English art by means of fresco, I cannot sympathize. . . . It is not the material nor the space that can give us thoughts, passions, or power. I see on our Academy walls nothing but what is ignoble in small pictures, and would be disgusting in large ones. It is not the love of fresco that we want; it is the love of God and his creatures; it is humility and charity and self-denial, and fasting and prayer. It is a total change of character. We want more faith and less reasoning, less strength and more trust. You want neither walls nor plaster nor color—*ça ne fait rien à l'affaire*—it is Giotto and Ghirlandajo and Angelico that you want, and that you will and must want until this disgusting nineteenth century has—I can't say breathed, but steamed its last (l. 126).

So early he had taken up, and wrapped around him, the mantle of Cassandra.

That winter he wrote the second volume of "Modern Painters" in the new and larger home on Denmark Hill, to which his parents had lately moved. When the book came out, he was back in Italy, showing his father the Campo Santo of Pisa, the Campanile of Giotto, and trying to make him understand why these things spoke to him with such power. On his return home, the young author found himself quite a star in the literary world. Lockhart asked him to review Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art" for the *Quarterly*. Sydney Smith praised "Modern Painters" as a book of "transcendent talent, likely to work a complete revolution in the world of taste," and Miss Mitford described him as "certainly the most charming person she had ever known."

But his health was still delicate, and he suffered from a weakness of the spine which made him find society too fatiguing. He went to Scotland in the autumn, and stopped in Perthshire, where he proposed to the young Scotch lady for whom he had, some years before, written his pretty fairy tale of "The King of the Golden River." The marriage, which was, we are told, greatly desired by Ruskin's parents, took place on April 10, 1848, and the young couple went to Keswick. From this place he wrote on Good Friday to Miss Mitford :—

I begin to feel that all the work I have been doing, and all the loves I have been cherishing, are ineffective and frivolous—that these are not times for watching clouds, or dreaming over quiet waters ; that more serious work is to be done ; and that the time for endurance has come rather than for meditation, and for hope rather than for happiness. Happy those whose hope, without this severe and tearful rending away of all the props and stability of earthly enjoyments, has been fixed "where the wicked cease from troubling." Mine was not. It was based on those "pillars of the earth which are astonished at His reproof" (l. 136).

Strange words for a young man of nine-and-twenty on his honeymoon. But Mr. Ruskin was unlike other men, and his mood just then was restless and troubled. He and his wife started to make a tour of English cathedrals, but he caught a chill, sketching at Salisbury, and had to give up his plan. Later in the summer he paid a visit to Normandy, where he studied Gothic buildings, and in October settled at a house of his own in Park Street. That winter he wrote "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and himself engraved the plates from drawings which he had made in 1846 and 1848. The fine studies of the window of Giotto's Tower, the arches of S. Michele at Lucca, and Ca' Foscari at Venice, with their deeply carved mouldings and tufted plants, are familiar to all Ruskin lovers, and have been the delight of our childhood. The book was announced for his father's birthday, May 10, 1849, and

its appearance was eagerly expected by at least one person. Charlotte Brontë had lately been reading "Modern Painters," and now wrote to her publishers, congratulating them on the approaching publication of Mr. Ruskin's new work. "If 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture' resemble their predecessor, 'Modern Painters,' they will be no lamps at all, but a new constellation—seven bright stars, for whose rising the reading world ought to be anxiously agape" (i. 140). Mr. Ruskin's own opinion, thirty years later, was that the book had become the most useless he had ever written ; the buildings he had described in its pages with so much delight being "now either knocked down or scraped and patched up into smugness and smoothness more tragic than uttermost ruin" (i. 141). But the "Seven Lamps" is still read and valued by many, and has lately gone through four new editions.

His next book was to be "The Stones of Venice." Ever since his visit to Italy in 1845, a book about Venice had been planned, and with this object in view the winter of 1849-50 was spent at Venice, where he devoted himself to a thorough examination of St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace. The first volume appeared by the end of 1850, and was received with a mingled chorus of groans and applause. One reviewer discovered that Ruskinism was violently inimical to *sundry existing interests* ; another complained that the book was unreadable, and the author positively insane. But Charlotte Brontë's hopes were not disappointed, and she wrote full of delight to a friend :—

The Stones of Venice seem nobly laid and chiselled. How grandly the quarry of vast marbles is disclosed ! Mr. Ruskin seems to me one of the few genuine writers, as distinguished from book-makers, of this age. His earnestness even amuses me in certain passages ; for I cannot help laughing to think how utilitarians will fume and fret over his deep, serious, and (as they will think) fanatical reverence for Art (i. 152).

At the same moment Carlyle was writing to Ruskin, in a note, thanking him

for a gift of books which he had sent him : —

I was already deep in the "Stones," and clearly propose to hold on there. A strange, unexpected, and, I believe, most true and excellent *Sermon* in Stones, as well as the best piece of School-mastering in Architecture, from which I hope to learn in a great many ways. The spirit and purport of these Critical Studies of yours are a singular sign of the times to me, and a very gratifying one. Right good speed to you, and victorious arrival on the farther shore ! It is a quite new "renaissance," I believe, we are getting into just now : either towards new, wider manhood, high again as the eternal stars, or else into final death, and the mask of Gehenna forevermore ! A dreadful process, but a needful and inevitable one. Nor do I doubt at all which way the issue will be, though which of the extant nations are to get included in it, and which to be trampled out and abolished in the process, may be very doubtful. God is great, and sure enough, the changes in the "Construction of Sheepfolds," as well as in other things, will require to be very considerable (i. 151).

Carlyle here alludes to a pamphlet which Mr. Ruskin had lately published on the text, "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd," urging Protestants of all denominations to drop their differences and unite in a world-wide federation, a New Jerusalem, with the Church of England for its nucleus. If people could be brought to go straight to the New Testament for its simple teaching, he thought there would be no difficulty in finding common ground, and once sincere faith in Christ and simplicity of life were restored, these could not fail to produce a revival of the right spirit in art. His aspirations did not meet with much response at the time. The art-critic was held to be wandering out of his province, and, excepting Carlyle, few were disposed to treat him seriously. But for Ruskin himself, as Mr. Collingwood justly remarks, the publication of this pamphlet was a memorable date ; for it was the beginning of a train of thought, which was destined to lead him far in a new direction.

His next pamphlet was the famous

one on Pre-Raphaelitism, which he published in August, 1851. This was a spirited defence of the band of young painters calling themselves Pre-Raphaelite Brothers, whose pictures had startled the British public in the Academy Exhibition that year. These ardent and gifted young men were not originally pupils of Mr. Ruskin, nor was their movement in the first place his creation. At first the ugliness of the faces in Holman Hunt and Millais's pictures repelled him, and he disliked what seemed to him the popish nature of their subjects. But soon he recognized the seriousness of their aims, and the faithfulness of their attempts to follow nature ; and when the *Times* critic denounced their works, and they fell under the ban of public condemnation, he held out the right hand of fellowship, and stood up boldly as their champion. Since the days of Albert Dürer, he said, there had been nothing in art so earnest and so complete as Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" or Millais's "Carpenter's Shop." He became personally acquainted with the artists, and was soon on intimate terms with the true leader of the movement, Dante Rossetti. A drawing of Rossetti's, which was sent him by a friend in 1854, struck him so much, that he sought out the young artist, and agreed to take any drawings that he brought him, at their market price, up to a certain sum every year. Nor did his generous patronage end here. He was the first to recognize the rare beauty of Rossetti's early poems, and when his friend Thackeray declined to print them in the *Cornhill*, he became responsible for the cost of their publication.

The Working Men's College, just started by Frederick Denison Maurice in 1854, received the warm support of Mr. Ruskin, and Rossetti, who was enlisted by him in the cause, helped him to give evening drawing-classes at Great Ormond Street. At the opening lecture, which was held in Long Acre on October 30, 1854, the chapter "On the Nature of Gothic," from the second volume of "The Stones of Venice,"

was distributed to all present, and became, as it were, the manifesto of the new movement. Mr. Ruskin's industry during these years was greater than ever. After another visit to Venice in 1852, he left Park Street, to settle next door to his old home on Herne Hill, and there wrote vols. ii. and iii. of "The Stones of Venice." During the following winter, he delivered his lectures on architecture and painting before the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh, reviewing the life and aims of Turner, and holding up sincerity in imagination, as the guiding principle of Christian art, exemplified in the works of the Pre-Raphaelite painters. In the summer of 1854 he went to Switzerland, to write a book on the history of its chief towns, which was to be illustrated by drawings from his pen. But at his father's earnest desire, he gave up this plan, and set to work on vol. iii. of "Modern Painters." His progress was interrupted by the melancholy events of that autumn. His marriage had disappointed the hopes of his parents, and none of his friends were surprised when the ill-assorted union was finally severed by his wife's act. Mr. Ruskin himself, "with an old-fashioned delicacy and chivalry which revolted alike from explanation and from recrimination, set up no defence, brought no counter-charges, and preferred to let gossip do its worst" (i. 181). Naturally, many false reports were spread abroad, but Mr. Ruskin's friends stood by him loyally, and held his conduct to be free from blame.

Mr. and Mrs. Browning were introduced to him early in 1855 by Miss Mitford, and Mrs. Browning thus describes their impressions of this new acquaintance, whose friendship they both valued so highly in after life :—

We went to Denmark Hill yesterday to have luncheon with Mr. Ruskin and his parents, and see the Turners, which, by the way, are divine. I like Mr. Ruskin very much, and so does Robert ; very gentle, yet earnest—refined and truthful. We count him one among the valuable acquaintances made this year in England (i. 182).

Later in the year, we find Mr. Rus-

kin writing to ask Browning for some explanation of those "seemingly careless and too rugged lines of his," which are none the less absolutely "unerring in every sentence he writes of the Middle Ages, and every principle connected with the mediæval temper in matters of art." The poet replies in a long and characteristic letter, thanking his critic cordially for his "unpleasant things," as much as his over-liberal praise, and defending himself from the often-repeated charges of obscurity and roughness. We can only quote a few lines :—

For the deepnesses you think you discern—may they be more than mere blacknesses ! For the hopes you entertain of what may come of subsequent readings—all success to them ! For your bewilderment more especially noted—how shall I help *that* ? We don't read poetry the same way, by the same law ; it is too clear. I cannot begin writing poetry till my imaginary reader has conceded licenses to me which you demur at altogether. I *know* that I don't make out my conception by my language ; all poetry being a putting the infinite within the finite. You would have me paint it all plain out, which can't be. . . . Do you think poetry was ever generally understood—or can be ? Is the business of it to tell people what they know already, as they know it, and so precisely that they shall be able to cry out—Here you should supply *this*,—*that* you evidently pass over, and I'll help you from my own stock ? It is all teaching, on the contrary, and the people hate to be taught. They say otherwise—make foolish fables about Orpheus enchanting stocks and stones, poets standing up and being worshipped,—all nonsense and impossible dreaming. A poet's affair is with God, to whom he is accountable, and of whom is his reward ; look elsewhere, and you find misery enough. Do you believe people understand Hamlet ? . . . But I write in the blind-dark and bitter-cold, and past post-time, as I fear. Take my truest thanks, and understand at least this rough writing, and, at all events, the real affection with which I venture to regard you. And "I" means my wife as well as yours ever faithfully, Robert Browning (i. 202).

In 1855 Mr. Ruskin published his first pamphlet of "Notes on the Royal

Academy and other Exhibitions," which was so widely read and largely sold, that he repeated the plan five years in succession. He was now recognized as the leading authority in art, and the public was anxious to hear his opinion, not only on the works of the Pre-Raphaelites, but on all questions of taste. In 1857 he lectured at Manchester on "The Political Economy of Art," insisting on the duty of the State to promote art education in different forms, and urging the revival of the mediæval guilds of craftsmen. That autumn he was recalled from Scotland, whither he had accompanied his mother on a visit to the scenes of her youth, to arrange the Turner drawings in the National Gallery. The next six months were spent in a laborious endeavor to sort the masses of "precious rubbish," which had been removed from Turner's house in Queen Anne Street to Trafalgar Square. From this chaos he extricated four hundred of the painter's loveliest studies in pencil and water-color, and after having, with infinite pains, cleaned, mounted, dated, and described them, he placed them in sliding frames and cabinets of his own invention. This collection—in the writer's words, "a wonderful monument of one great man's genius and of another's patience"—still remains in the cellars of Trafalgar Square, where the Turner drawings can be seen by all who care to study them. Many years afterwards, in 1881, Mr. Ruskin published a "Catalogue of the Turner Drawings and Sketches at present exhibited in the National Gallery," and so completed a task for which he deserves the gratitude of posterity. During 1858, he lectured in different towns, on subjects connected with his Manchester addresses, and the relation of art to manufacture. He lent a helping hand to the New Oxford Museum, then building, and lectured, by Dr. Acland's invitation, to the men who were employed there. In October he delivered an inaugural address at the opening of the Cambridge School of Art. At Manchester he spoke again, in February, 1859, on the "Unity of Art," and

told his hearers boldly that, in order to be a good natural painter, there must at least be strong elements of good in the mind, however warped the good may be by evil qualities. That summer he went to Germany and Switzerland, on his last tour abroad with his parents. His father was now seventy-four, and it was to gratify his often-expressed anxiety that he might live to see "Modern Painters" finished, that Mr. Ruskin now set to work and wrote the fifth and concluding volume. It was his original intention in this last part of his great book to treat of vegetation, clouds, and water, as well as of the laws of composition; but he soon found the scheme beyond the limits of a single volume, and, giving up the chapter on water, he carried out the rest of his task, as Mr. Collingwood says, somewhat sketchily and half-heartedly, "as an artist would complete a work when the patron who commissioned it had died" (i. 221). He had begun the book in defence of Turner's genius, but now Turner had long been dead and his fame was thoroughly vindicated. The claims of Early Christian art were fully recognized; the Pre-Raphaelites no longer needed his help. Of Tintoretto he had already spoken. Titian and Veronese now became the subject of his discourse. In 1860 the book appeared, and "Modern Painters" was finally completed.

The date marks an epoch in Mr. Ruskin's life. At forty years of age he had finished the work on which his reputation as an art critic mainly rests. Henceforth art alone was seldom to be his theme. It became the text for wider teachings on larger questions, and he tried to lead others as he had been lead himself by thoughts about art to the serious consideration of great social and ethical problems. What he calls "the terrific call of human crime for resistance, and of human misery for help," seemed just then to have taken absolute hold of his mind to the exclusion of all other feelings. He lived much in Switzerland, among the mountains at Geneva and at Chamou-

nix, with occasionally one or two American friends, such as Professor Norton and Mr. W. J. Stillman, for companions. Here he wrote his four essays on political economy, afterwards reprinted in "Unto this Last." But when three of them had appeared in the *Cornhill* Thackeray wrote to say they were so universally disliked and condemned, that he feared he could only print one more. Beaten back in this direction, Mr. Ruskin next wrote a second series on the same subject in *Fraser's Magazine*, reprinted in 1872 as "Munera Pulveris." These, however, met with the same fate. The newspapers scoffed and jeered at them. "Only a genius like Mr. Ruskin," wrote one, "could have produced such hopeless rubbish," and before long the publisher interfered and put an end to the series. What was worse in the author's eyes, these heretical theories incurred the serious disapproval of his old father, then rapidly drawing near his end. In these days of free speculation, in all departments of thought, we are sometimes inclined to wonder at the outcry which these papers excited. But Mr. Ruskin was one of the first boldly to attack the orthodox political economy of the day, and to say that many of its so-called laws clashed with plain morality. As Mr. Collingwood points out, there was nothing directly revolutionary in either of these books. The author upheld free trade and declined to accept Socialism; but he objected to the price of labor being fixed by competition, and thought that wages should be fixed by a common tariff, and he wished to see the ignorant taught, the men out of work employed, and the aged poor pensioned by the State, while the incurably lazy and vicious were to be placed in government workshops, treated, in fact, much as "the submerged tenth" in General Booth's home-colonies.

On March 3, 1864, old Mr. Ruskin died, and was buried in Addington Churchyard, near Croydon, where his son placed the following inscription on his tomb: "He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is to all who

keep it dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the uttermost, and taught to speak truth, says this of him" (ii. 37). Mr. Ruskin spent all that year with his widowed mother, and brought a young Scotch cousin, Miss Joanna Agnew, to be her companion. This young lady remained at Denmark Hill until, seven years later, she married Mr. Arthur Severn, the son of the Ruskins' old friend, Joseph Severn, and settled in the old family home at Herne Hill. "Nor virtually," writes Mr. Ruskin in the chapter which he has devoted to "Joanna's Care," "have she and I ever parted since" (ii. 39). The influence of this bright young presence in the old home, revived his drooping spirits, and the company of "the dear old lady and ditto young," to whom Carlyle often sends his love, gave a fresh stimulus to his ideas on women's education and work in life. These thoughts found expression in his next Manchester lectures, which, published in 1865, under the title of "Sesame and Lilies," became his most popular work, and has since then run through fourteen editions. Having delivered his protest in economics, he now held up his ideal of moral culture, and preached plain living and high thinking to the rising generation. In his chapter on "Kings' Treasuries" he set forth the advantages arising from an intelligent use of books, the broader views of life and higher tone of mind acquired by the scholar, who, though he may be poor and unfashionable, enjoys what is really the best society, and holds converse with the great minds of all ages. In the lecture on "Queens' Gardens" he discussed the education of women, how it is theirs to set the standards of taste and limits of ambition, to guide the steps of the seekers, and to award the crown. Educational theories and experiments occupied the chief place in Mr. Ruskin's time and thoughts, during the next few years. Lectures and papers on these topics teemed from his pen under such titles as "The Cestus of Aglaia," "The Crown of Wild Olives," "The Ethics of the Dust," which last Carlyle hailed

as "a most shining performance." "Not for a long while," the old man writes to Mr. Ruskin, "have I read anything tenth part so radiant with talent, ingenuity, lambent fire, sheet and other lightnings of all commendable kinds" (ii. 51).

The friendship of the sage of Chelsea was at this period an important influence in Mr. Ruskin's life. They spent many evenings together, and Carlyle's letters to Mr. Ruskin when he was abroad show how much he missed his friend's visits and conversation, while we learn from the Emerson correspondence with how much sympathy he followed Mr. Ruskin in his new crusade.

There is nothing going on among us [he writes] as notable to me, as those fierce lightning-bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have.

On the day of Mrs. Carlyle's death, Mr. Ruskin, then on the point of starting abroad, called in Cheyne Walk with his usual offering of a bouquet of flowers for Mrs. Carlyle, and was told the sad news. He set out with his friends, without telling them a word, and when they read the news at Paris, said that he had known it, but would not spoil their pleasure by telling them. A month later Carlyle wrote in answer to his condolences:—

Dear Ruskin,—Your kind words from Dijon were welcome to me. Thanks. I did not doubt your sympathy in what has come; but it is better that I see it laid before me. You are yourself very unhappy, as I too well discern; heavy-laden, obstructed, and dispirited, but you have a great work still ahead; and will gradually have to gird yourself up against the *heat of the day*, which is coming on for you—as the night too is coming. Think valiantly of these things.

After giving way to his grief—"my life all laid in ruins, and the one light of it as if gone out"—he continues:—

Come and see me when you get home; come oftener to see me, and speak *more* frankly to me (for I am very true to your

highest interests and you) while I still remain here. You can do nothing for me in Italy, except come home improved in health and spirits (ii. 62).

Mr. Ruskin's next work of importance was the series of "Letters on a Commonwealth," published in 1867 as "Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne," which deserves attention as the most complete statement of his social scheme. To adapt the guilds of the Middle Ages, together with something of their feudal system, their Church and chivalry, to the needs of the present day, seems to have been Mr. Ruskin's central idea. Some of his suggestions, however, such as the proposal to limit incomes to a fixed maximum and to forbid young people to marry until they had attained a certain standard of physical and moral excellence, could hardly be considered practical. The letters to the workers of England, begun in 1871 and continued at intervals until 1884, under the title "Fors Clavigera—the Key-bearing Fate" or "Force"—were a sequel to "Time and Tide." Here, many of his ideas on these subjects were put down, with a strange mingling of jest and earnest. The sincerity of the writer was undoubted, his wit and vivacity never failed him, but here and there he hurt his readers by what seemed to them the tone of levity in which he spoke of their cherished beliefs; an act which would certainly not have been intentional on the part of one who, in those same pages, had insisted on the duty of training children in reverence and admiration "for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the powers that cannot ever die."

At least no one can say that Mr. Ruskin has not practised what he preached. Many are the industrial experiments which he has tried, with more or less success. He advanced 700*l.* to Miss Octavia Hill, when she nobly endeavored to improve the dwellings of the London poor. He started a tea-shop in Marylebone on his principles of fair trade, and kept sweepers at work for eight hours daily on a crossing between the British Museum and St. Giles to

show "a bit of our London streets kept as clean as the deck of a ship of the line" (ii. 131). The larger scheme of St. George's Guild grew out of "Fors," and has at least produced one admirable result in the Sheffield Museum, which Mr. Ruskin himself has endowed with so many precious treasures of art. And amongst the most successful industrial schemes which owe their origin to Mr. Ruskin's followers we must not forget the revival of spinning in Langdale by Mr. Albert Fleming, and the manufacture of Ruskin linen, which has its headquarters at Keswick. His own splendid gifts to Oxford, his institution of the May Queen festival at White-lands College, and at the High School at Cork, are still fresh in the memories of our readers. Countless other instances of public and private munificence might be named. So lavish, indeed, has been his generosity that the whole of the fortune which he inherited from his parents, some 200,000*l.*, is gone, and the income derived from the sale of his books, amounting, we are told, to two or three thousand pounds a year, is now his sole means of livelihood. His mother lived to the age of ninety, and kept her powers of mind to the last, and when she died on December 5, 1871, her son was left with "a surprising sense of loneliness." He buried her in his father's grave, and wrote upon it, "Here, beside my father's body, I have laid my mother's; nor was dearer earth ever returned to earth, nor purer life recorded in heaven" (ii. 115).

Time had already changed or modified many of the convictions of Mr. Ruskin's youth. Once he had been known as the enemy of the Greeks. Now his "Queen of the Air," or "Lectures on the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm," showed his deep interest in classical mythology, while animal myths and plant myths afterwards became the subject of chapters in "Deucalion" and "Proserpina" (1875-1886). In 1869 he went back to Venice after an absence of seventeen years, and then for the first time discovered Carpaccio.

He fell in love with St. Ursula as, twenty-four years earlier, he had fallen in love with the statue of Ilaria at Lucca; and she became, as time after time he revisited Venice for her sake, a personality, a spiritual presence, a living ideal, exactly as the "Queen of the Air" might have been to the sincere Athenian in the pagan age of faith. The story of her life and death became an example, the conception of her character, as read in Carpaccio's picture, became a standard for his own life and action in many a time of distress and discouragement. The thought of "What would St. Ursula say?" led him—not always, but far more often than his correspondents knew—to burn the letter of sharp retort upon stupidity and impertinence, and to force the wearied brain and overstrung nerves into patience and a kindly answer. And later on, the playful credence which he accorded to the myth has deepened into a renewed sense of the possibility of spiritual realities when he learnt to look, with those mediæval believers, once more as a little child upon the unfathomable mysteries of life (ii. 92).

It was Mr. Burne-Jones, whose own art he has so often praised, who first directed his attention to the old Venetian master, and with his habitual candour Mr. Ruskin wrote to him from Venice that spring:—

My dearest Ned, — There's nothing here like Carpaccio! There's a little bit of humble-pie for you! Well, the fact was I had never once looked at him, having classed him in glance and thought with Gentile Bellini and other men of the more or less incipient and hard schools, and Tintoret went better with clouds and hills. But this Carpaccio is a new world to me. . . . I've only seen the Academy once yet, and am going this morning (cloudless light!) to your St. George of the Schiavoni, but I must send this word first to catch post. From your loving, J. R.

I don't give up my Tintoret, but his dissolution of expression into drapery and shadow is too licentious for me now.

In August, 1869, he was elected Slade professor of fine art at Oxford, and entered with all his old ardor on this new sphere of work and usefulness. No part of Mr. Collingwood's volumes is more interesting than the chapters which relate to Mr. Ruskin's Oxford teaching. As one of the undergrad-

uates who heard those famous lectures, who followed his master, when, armed with pick and shovel, he himself led the way to mend the Hincksey road, he gives a vivid picture of the generous enthusiasm with which the youth of Oxford was fired. If Mr. Ruskin could not make the men dig he would at least make them dig. Not a few of those who went with him to the Hincksey diggings have, we rejoice to think, lived to do good work, whether they belong to the company of St. George or have labored in other directions. "No true disciple of mine will ever be a Ruskinian, he will follow, not me, but the instincts of his own soul and the guidance of its Creator" (St. Mark's Rest). Mr. Collingwood also insists with great truth and force on the value of the five courses of lectures delivered by Mr. Ruskin, during the first three years of his professorship. These courses, published separately as "Lectures on Art," "Aratra Pentilici," "The Eagle's Nest," "Ariadne Florentina," and "Val d'Arno" contain his mature views and theories of art, and are full of valuable and suggestive thought. In their published form, they have attracted less attention than "Modern Painters," but one, at least, of Ruskin's old admirers welcomed them warmly.

Many thanks to you for so pleasant and instructive a gift [wrote Carlyle on receiving the volume of "Val d'Arno"]. The work is full of beautiful and delicate perceptions, new ideas, both new and true, which throw a brilliant illumination over that important piece of history, and awake fresh curiosities and speculations on that and on other much wider subjects. It is all written with the old nobleness and fire, in which no other living voice to my knowledge equals yours. *Perge, perge*—and as the Irish say, "more power to your elbow" (ii. 143).

The course on birds, published in the charming volume of "Love's Meinie," was delivered at Oxford in Lent term, 1873, and repeated at Eton during the same year. The twelve lectures on Sir Joshua Reynolds belong to November, 1875. During the interval Mr. Ruskin

had been back to Florence and Rome, studying Botticelli with fresh interest, and copying the Zipporah of the Sistine frescoes. He also visited Assisi in June, 1874, and fell dangerously ill there. During his illness, he dreamt that the monks had made him a brother of the Third Order of St. Francis, and in the next chapter of "Fors," he owned how strongly he had been tempted to imitate the example of St. Francis, and become a devout follower of holy poverty. But he remembered his duties to his Oxford pupils, and came back to lecture to them on the Florentine school, and to talk to the Eton boys about Botticelli. "Mornings in Florence" was the result of this journey as, a few years later, the "Guide to the Pictures in the Academy at Venice" and "St. Mark's Rest" were the fruit of another visit to Venice. But repeated attacks of illness interrupted his Oxford work, and at the end of his third term of three years, Mr. Ruskin felt it his duty to resign the Slade professorship. A few months before he had written his last "Fors" and struggled to prepare a catalogue for the exhibition of his Turner drawings at the Fine Art Gallery in Bond Street. The pathetic words with which he concluded his description of Turner's youthful picture of the Coniston Fells, are still fresh in our minds:—

Morning breaks, as I write, along these Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake shore. Oh! that some one had but told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colors and clouds, that appear for a little while and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed, and all my thoughts should be of those whom, by neither, I was to meet more (ii. 180).

A week later the exhibition opened, and Mr. Ruskin was struck down by a sudden and dangerous attack of inflammation of the brain. He remained in a critical state during some weeks, and

his recovery was hailed with a burst of widespread sympathy, and the gift of Turner's drawing of the "Splügen," which a number of his friends bought for the sum of a thousand guineas, and presented to him. The next three years were spent in retirement at Brantwood, the house on Coniston Water, which he had bought from Mr. W. J. Linton, after a serious illness at Matlock in 1871. Mr. Collingwood gives us a pleasant picture of his life there, with its refined surroundings, its manifold interests and activities, its mountain walks and boating expeditions. His humbler neighbors soon learnt by experience the genuine interest which he took in their well-being; and this sense of mutual regard has more than once found expression in the words, "Eh! he's a grand chap, is Maisther Rooskin!" In August, 1880, he visited his old haunts in France and wrote a new book, "The Bible of Amiens," "which was to be to the 'Seven Lamps' what 'St. Mark's Rest' was to 'The Stones of Venice'" (ii. 207). On his return, he lectured on the same subject to his old friends, the Eton boys. One noteworthy thing about this new work was its distinctly religious tone. He had come out of the phase of doubt through which he had passed, and henceforth owned "the fear of God and the revelation of the divine spirit as the groundwork of civilization and the guide of progress" (ii. 207). He wrote a series of letters on the Lord's Prayer for the Furness Clerical Society, in which he dwelt on the need of a living faith in the Fatherhood of God and childlike obedience to his laws; and he spoke touchingly to the Coniston children, when they sang the hymn "Jesu, here from sin deliver," of the love of God and of the need we all have of a Saviour, to deliver us from our sins. In 1882 he went abroad again, and after seeing Mont Blanc once more, crossed the Mont Cenis into Italy. At Florence he was introduced to Miss Alexander, whose drawings and intimate knowledge of the Tuscan peasants alike delighted him, and whose "Story of Ida" and

"Roadside Songs of Tuscany," he afterwards edited. In 1883 he was once more elected Slade professor, and delivered two admirable courses of lectures on "The Art" and "The Pleasures of England." But the tendencies of the modern scientific party distressed his sensitive nature, and when the vote was passed to establish a physiological laboratory at the museum, he resigned his professorship and left Oxford in the bitterness of his soul. The next four years (1885-1889) were devoted to "Præterita," which he wrote with the help of old journals and scattered notes. Two volumes had already appeared and he was at work on a third, which was to bring this account of his life down to the year 1875, when, in the summer of 1889, his brain-power suddenly failed, and the task had to be abandoned. He had previously suffered from frequent attacks of the same illness, and it was just before one of these that he wrote the famous reply to an appeal for a subscription to pay off a debt on a chapel at Richmond. The language is certainly vehement, but "through the violence of the wording," as Mr. Collingwood remarks, we see "a perfectly consistent and reasonable expression of Mr. Ruskin's views."

Brantwood, May 19th, 1886.

SIR, — I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is "Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven — but don't borrow. Try first begging. I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for! And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for, are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges — or in a sand-pit — or a coal-hole first? And of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. And of all the sects of believers in any ruling spirit — Hindoos, Turks, Feather Idolaters, and Mumbo Jumbo, Log and Fire worshippers who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me! All which they might very easily

have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would—before bothering me to write it to them. Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant, John Ruskin." The recipient of the letter promptly sold it for ten pounds (ii. 241).

During the last two years, we are glad to learn, Mr. Ruskin's health has steadily improved. Although aged and feeble, he is himself again, in all but the power of resuming his literary work. He leads a peaceful life at Brantwood, where he takes daily walks along the lake, is able to enjoy books and music, and in the company of one or two intimate friends, can still talk as brightly as of old.

For now the snow-cloud has drifted away, and there is light in the west, a mellow light of evening-time, such as Turner painted in his pensive Epilogue. "Datur Hora Quiet," there is more work to do, but not to-day. The plough stands in the furrow, and the laborer passes peacefully from his toil, homewards (ii. 255).

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE TRAGEDY OF MR. THOMAS DOUGHTY.

To offer a new solution of a historical puzzle which wise men have agreed to leave unsolved is, I know, a foolhardy thing. A man, so to say, must go with his life in his hand, and let him arm himself as he may with authorities, he will be fortunate if he come off with a rag of decent reputation to his back. And especially will this be so if his proffered solution be dramatic or touched with romance. There, in a trice, you are face to face with the scholar's bias. For scholarship, as every one knows, will presume an episode in history to be prosaic until its guilt be clearly proved, and even then more likely than not she will leave the court grumbling. Of all the minor passions the bias of the average professor of history in favor of the uninteresting is the most obstinate. There is nothing to compare with it, unless it be the opposite bias of the historical novelist, but as that is usually

classed with the mauves the comparison is perhaps hardly decent.

With full knowledge, then, of the danger, I will venture to suggest an explanation that seems to render legible one of the most mysterious and tragic pages in our history,—craving only this indulgence, that all that has happened since the year 1577 shall for the time be put out of memory. For, I take it, a historian in pursuit of justice must be betrayed by his knowledge as often as by his ignorance; historical judgments must be led astray as much by an excess of information as by the lack of it. To conceive of a piece of action as it presented itself to the actors, to see it sharply defined as they saw it against a future still in darkness, requires imagination. It is a crude humor to be purged without mercy by those who seek scholarship; and yet a humor that may serve on occasions. This, as I believe, being one of them, it is the indulgence of a little imagination that I would beg till the tale is told.

The story is an episode in Drake's great voyage round the world, and, for catastrophe, it tells how he came to put to death Mr. Thomas Doughty, his dearest friend. No one knows exactly why he did this; a score of reasons have been given. For the story is of so dramatic a radiance, and set so finely in majestic history, that its attraction is irresistible. Every one who approaches it must wonder as much as he regrets that an adventure so romantic has never been told from end to end. The reason is not hard to find, and there lies half the charm. It was, as I hope to show, the very greatness of the actors who filled the stage behind the two protagonists that made the mystery. There were high reasons of State for every one concerned that made it well for him to hold his tongue; and so it was that those to whom it fell to chronicle the time would either pass the story by, or give in its place some colorless version of the scandal that had reached their ears. Some thirty years after the great sailor was dead, a sort of authorized narrative was edited by his heir and nephew from the notes

of Francis Fletcher, preacher and chaplain to the expedition. There, it is true, the story is given, but only in such a form as was fit for general ears. Doughty's name is not even mentioned; still less the name of that great minister whose agent he was accused of being. It is from another account of the affair that we are able now to guess the truth; a violent, coarse narrative, told, it is plain, by one of Doughty's partisans, a man called Cooke. Camden had a copy of it, but in his history he did not use it; and so it lay forgotten till with other scraps it was brought to light some forty years ago. Yet even then, as though the shade of the great minister still watched over those old intrigues, the lucky finder never uttered a whisper of the tale which it unconsciously reveals.

It was in Ireland that Drake and Doughty had come to know each other. Drake was back from his brilliant raid upon the Spanish Main with a booty that turned the heads of half the west-country mariners, and won him an indelible black mark in the lord admiral's book. So notorious, indeed, were his piracies, that there was no way to avoid arrest but to disappear among the old haunts of the Protestant rovers on the Irish coast. There he lay hid till the storm blew over, and some eighteen months after, in 1575, he was able, by offering his services to Essex, to resume his career as a reputable sea-officer. He brought to the earl a letter of recommendation from Hawkins, his cousin, master, and patron; and Essex, weary and broken with his struggle to win back Ulster for his mistress by the power of his own Quixotic lance, accepted his services. Here, amidst the knot of valiant gentlemen and adventurous soldiers who surrounded the chivalrous earl, Drake found Mr. Thomas Doughty. Doughty indeed used to boast in after days that it was he who had introduced Drake to Essex; but this Drake stoutly denied. "I think he never came about him," he once said, "for I, that was daily with my lord, never saw him there above once, and that was long

after my entertainment with my lord." Drake was probably speaking the truth; Doughty was certainly lying. Among the Irish State papers are two pay-sheets, which show beyond a doubt that Drake's "entertainment with my lord" did not begin until May 1st, 1575. That this was at least six months after Doughty had been disgraced is equally certain, and is the more worth proving as the circumstances in which he lost his patron's favor have an important bearing on the question in hand.

"It would appear," says Devereux, "that Essex, in some of his private correspondence which is not extant, must have charged Leicester with unfair practices, and during the summer of 1574 their enmity broke out into an open quarrel, which was made up by the good offices of Lord Burghley, to whom Essex wrote, gratefully acknowledging the advice he had received from his lordship. He enclosed to Burghley a copy of the letter of reconciliation he wrote to Leicester."¹

"My good lord," the letter as printed by Devereux begins, "I have received your lordship's letter, and have heard Flood's speech concerning the former report made to me by Doughty. Your lordship's letter and Flood's words do indeed concur, and are both so different from the former information made to me, as I see how perilous it is to believe any servant's speech, though I was the rather induced to give him credit, because he had before that time spoken as much as any other of his devotion to me and my cause. . . . And as I mean not to use the man any more in that trust or any way in soliciting my causes, so if I have been over earnest in my late letters, I pray you impute it to my plain and open nature." Later on Essex explains that Doughty had brought back from England, whither apparently he had been sent by his master on some confidential mission, a tale that Leicester had been charging him with ambition and ingratitude. This letter is dated "At Dublin, this 7th October, 1574."

¹ *Lives of the Devereux Earls of Essex*, i., p. 76.

That this Doughty was no other than Thomas Doughty is clear from a document in the Dublin Record Office, a transcript from which was kindly sent me by Mr. Barry. It is the "Account of George Vieve, servant to Walter, Earl of Essex, governor-general of the province of Ulster, in the north parts of Ireland, from 1st August, 1573." The first relevant entry is one by which Vieve charges himself with the receipt of £44 15s. 0d., "by the hands of your lordship's servant Thomas Doughty" for certain commissariat purposes. Then under date August 18th, 1574, is the following: "Pay for the charges of Mr. Broughton, Mr. Doughty, and their servants at Mr. Pulteney's by the space of days upon their coming from England, etc., viii." In November, 1574, Thomas Doughty receives £100 "for his lordship's use," and after that there is no further trace of his being about Essex's person. The only other entries in which he appears are two relating to gifts of clothing which Essex made to his followers "for winter liveries."

So far then we see Thomas Doughty as a man already stained with intrigue, a typical adventurer of the sixteenth century, seeking to push his fortunes in the troubled waters that eddied round an active courtier, and not too nice in the means by which he curried favor with his patron. Nor must it be forgotten (and this is the real importance of Lord Essex's letter) that his character was known to Burghley, and known to him in circumstances that would not be likely to allow the knowledge to escape his memory. Drake of course had not the lord treasurer's advantages. He probably knew little of the man, beyond the outward charm with which he would seem to have been largely endowed. We have a picture of him drawn by an ardent admirer, which reveals him as a pattern courtier of the Renaissance. He was a scholar of no small pretensions and could display both Greek and Hebrew; he had served a campaign or two, and being now employed as a soldier could gracefully support the part; he had

studied law, too, at the Temple, and could discourse in honeyed phrases the fashionable philosophy of the hour. Thus at least the chaplain Fletcher describes him, and thus, no doubt, he appeared to Drake. Drake always loved a scholar, and during the short time they served together in Ireland Doughty seems to have won not only his confidence, but his warm and lasting affection. So close, indeed, did their relations grow that Drake even imparted to his friend the great secret with which his heart was full. Ever since that memorable day when from the boughs of a lofty tree in Darien he had first caught sight of the South Sea, and had prayed God to give him life and leave to sail upon it in an English ship, a raid into the Pacific had been the dream of his life. Hitherto the obstacles had been almost hopeless, but now that prospects were brighter, the two friends vowed to unite their efforts to bring the great adventure into being.

At the termination of Essex's mission in the autumn of 1575 it is probable that, with the bulk of the earl's followers, the two friends came to London in search of further employment. Drake brought a letter of recommendation to Walsingham. Of this he says: "My lord of Essex wrote in my commendations unto Secretary Walsingham more than I was worthy, but belike I had deserved somewhat at his hands, and he thought me in his letters to be a fit man to serve against the Spaniards for my practice and experience that I had in that trade."¹ Doughty found service with Christopher Hatton. Here, in the cabinet of the rising favorite, was an atmosphere laden with the intrigue of the backstairs, and being, as we have seen, a man peculiarly obnoxious to such influences, Doughty seems to have soon caught the infection. There is evidence that he in some way managed to

¹ The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake, being his next voyage to that to Nombre de Dios. Collated with an unpublished manuscript of Francis Fletcher, Chaplain to the Expedition; with Appendices illustrative of the same voyage, and introduction by W. S. W. Vaux. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1854. P. 215.

get himself connected with the slanders which charged Leicester with having poisoned Essex. Essex died in September, 1576, and in the following November Doughty's brother John was thrown into prison, on what was then equivalent to a *lettre de cachet*. This was probably obtained at the instance of Leicester; for it was on petition to him that John Doughty was ultimately released; nor is there much room for doubt that the offence he had committed was uttering this libel against Leicester. Camden, at all events, seems to have had this idea; for in his account of the affair, which would appear to have been written before Cooke's narrative came into his possession, he confuses the two brothers, and calling the man whom Drake executed John Doughty, tells us that there wanted not some "who pretending to understand things better than others, gave out that Drake had in charge from Leicester to take off Doughty upon any pretence whatsoever, because he had reported abroad that the Earl of Essex was made away by the cunning practices of Leicester;" and it is certainly significant that on one occasion, according to Cooke,¹ Drake himself, in an outburst of anger, "gave divers furious words unto Thomas Doughty, as charging him to be the man that poisoned my lord of Essex as he thought." The point, however, is of no importance except as showing that, during the year preceding the departure of Drake's expedition, the two Doughtys were marked men, and mixed up with one of the most notorious scandals of the time.

Nor was Drake himself less known to the government. The court at this time was divided, it may be fairly said, in so far at least as Drake's relations to it were concerned, into a peace-party and a war-party. In the war-party Walsingham and Leicester were the leading spirits, Leicester from his soldierly ambition, Walsingham from a desire to force on a war, which his sagacity told him to be inevitable, be-

fore the queen's bewildering foreign policy should have driven her natural allies into the arms of Spain. To the peace-party belonged the friends of Spain and others, who, like Burghley and Bacon, believed that England's prosperity depended on her Spanish trade, and that war without perfected alliances against so powerful a prince as Philip was suicidal. As it appeared to those who had every means of knowing, it was only by consummate diplomacy that Spain had been induced to refrain hitherto from active hostilities, and in these negotiations a constant stumbling-block to the English diplomatists had been Drake's piratical reprisals in the Caribbean Sea: Among the Spanish State-Papers² is a "Draft answer to the complaints of Spain," and at the point where Drake's case comes to be dealt with, the document is hardly to be deciphered for erasures, corrections, and interlineations. No words could more distinctly tell of the worry and annoyance he had already caused in the Council; nor is it conceivable that the more sober of the queen's advisers would easily permit him to get them into such a scrape again.

When Drake reached London, however, it was to find the bolder counsels of Walsingham in the ascendant. The year was closing in with every prospect of immediate war; and it is not therefore surprising that, having presented his letter to Walsingham, Drake was one day gratified by the sight of the secretary's grim face in his lodgings. As soon as they were alone Walsingham began to tell him that her Majesty had received divers injuries from the king of Spain for which she desired to have revenge, and, unfolding a map, asked Drake to note upon it where he thought Philip might be most annoyed. But the wary seaman would not commit himself. He was too good a Protestant not to share the anxiety of the assembling Parliament about the succession. "But I told him," to use Drake's own words as Cooke has re-

¹ The World Encompassed, p. 203.

² S. P. Spain, xxvi.

ported them, "some part of my mind, but refused to set my hand to anything, affirming that her Majesty was mortal, and that if it should please God to take her Majesty away, it might be that some prince might reign that might be in league with the king of Spain, and then would mine own hand be a witness against myself." With that the eager secretary had to rest content for the time, but the queen was bent upon mischief. Let Drake tell what followed upon Walsingham's overtures. "Then was I," he says, "shortly after and in an evening, sent for unto her Majesty by Secretary Walsingham, but came not to her Majesty that night, for it was late: But the next day, coming to her presence, these or the like words (she spake), 'Drake, so it is that I would gladly be revenged on the king of Spain, for divers injuries I have received.' And said further that I was the only man that might do this exploit, and withal craved my advice therein. Who told her Majesty of the small good that was to be done in Spain, (and that) the only way to annoy him was by his Indies." Thus like some distressed princess to her own knight-errant, she appealed to him, and the adventurous young sailor was no more proof than the rest against the charm with which she could win the devotion of almost every man she chose. The matter was clinched by the queen's undertaking to subscribe a thousand crowns to the syndicate which he must promote for his immortal project.

Such is Drake's own account of how the voyage was set on foot. Doughty of course gave it quite a different complexion. He always boasted that it was to his influence with his patron Christopher Hatton that Drake owed his introduction to the queen. As Hatton was a share holder in the enterprise, and as Drake thought it wise at the crisis of the voyage to change the name of his flagship from the Pelican to the Golden Hind in Hatton's honor (whose crest or badge was a hind *trip-pant* or) it is difficult to doubt that there was not some foundation for Doughty's claim. It is, however, unnecessary to

disbelieve either story. The truth probably is that not long after the interview which Drake describes the queen drew back. In the spring of 1576 the political situation had entirely changed. Elizabeth had quarrelled with her too Protestant Parliament, and she had dismissed in a pet the Dutch envoys who had come over to concert an alliance against Spain; once more the peace-party was triumphant, and this is probably the explanation, otherwise unaccountable, of Drake's inaction through the year. Early in the following spring, however, he had certainly obtained the queen's consent; the organization of the expedition was in full swing, and it is not unlikely that it was Hatton's influence with his fond mistress that had removed the difficulties. Nevertheless it may still have been at Walsingham's instigation that Hatton was working. As the summer of 1577 went on and the breach between the queen and her natural ally widened, Walsingham was in despair, and may well have seen in Drake an instrument to force Elizabeth into the war to which he could not persuade her. He may well have seen that a piratical raid into the South Sea would be an outrage of such magnitude that Spain would be compelled to treat it as a *casus belli*, and with this in view he perhaps induced Hatton to approach the queen once more. Drake himself certainly regarded this as the real meaning of his expedition, and afterwards proclaimed openly to his followers that they had come to set by the ears three mighty princes "her Majesty and the kings of Spain and Portugal."¹ The details of the intrigue must of course remain a matter of conjecture, but that the whole affair was in fact a party move against Burghley is made certain by a speech of Drake's in which he distinctly stated that the queen in giving her consent to his voyage had laid upon him strict injunctions "that of all men my lord treasurer should not know it."²

But to keep so grave a secret from

¹ The World Encompassed, p. 216.

² Ibid., p. 204.

Burghley was no light task. He cannot have been for one moment at a loss. His complete system of observation must have quickly informed him that something serious was in the wind which Walsingham and the queen were concocting with the most dangerous of those lawless adventurers against whose semi-piratical reprisals he so consistently set his face, and that Hatton and Sir William Wynter, the queen's admiral-at-sea, both of whom he suspected about this time of being "comforters of pirates,"¹ to say nothing of Hawkins the arch-enemy of Spain, were all engaged in the enterprise. Is it possible to conceive that in circumstances so suspicious the wary minister sat still and did nothing? Will any one doubt that when the sturdy patriot had so much reason to believe that mischief was brewing for his country that he did not set about getting to the bottom of it?

It is Cooke again who opens our eyes. "There it fell out," he says in his report of Doughty's trial, "that upon further talk Master Doughty said that my lord treasurer had a plot [a plan] of the voyage. 'No, that he hath not,' quoth Master Drake. The other replied that he had. 'How?' quoth Master Drake. 'He had it from me,' quoth Master Doughty. 'Lo! my masters,' quoth he [Drake], 'what this fellow hath done. God will have his treacheries all known. For her Majesty gave me special commandment that of all men my lord treasurer should not know it, but to see he [*sic*] his own mouth hath betrayed him.' So this was a special article against him to cut his throat and greatly he [Drake] seemed to rejoice at this advantage."

We know Doughty to have been a liar. He may have been lying now; but at any rate it is plain that Drake believed him and that Cooke did too. And what reason is there to disbelieve him? It is exactly what we should have expected. Burghley's first move would most certainly be to suborn some

one in the confidence of some of the men he suspected. What more natural than that he should send for the time-serving adventurer, whose character he knew of old, and who had the ear of two of the principal promoters? The very tool he wanted was lying under his hand. Nor is the passage quoted from Cooke the only evidence that this actually was the course he took. Among the depositions taken at the trial is one where Fletcher, the chaplain, himself swears he had heard Doughty say "that our general did know and was witness that my lord treasurer of England sent for the said T. D. two or three times to be his secretary and he refused it to come with him." That Burghley offered such a man a secretaryship, or that it would have been refused if he had, is not to be believed. It is a transparent lie; and the statement is of no value except as showing that the real object of Burghley's summons was something Doughty did not care to divulge. With regard to the rest of his boast it is different. As we have seen there is every reason to believe that he really was sent for; and it is certainly significant that Drake is nowhere reported to have disputed the assertion, although he seems never to have lost an opportunity of contradicting the prisoner's boasting of his connection with other influential politicians when he believed it to be false. Such evidence is not perhaps sufficient to amount to proof that would justify a charge of dishonorable action against a great statesman; but in the absence of any reason for disbelieving it, it is at least fair testimony that it was the intention of the promoters to keep the enterprise from Lord Burghley; that he nevertheless did secretly obtain full information of their project; and that it was from Doughty that he obtained it.

Now, assuming this to be the case for the time, let us for a moment pass with open sympathies into Burghley's closet, as Doughty leaves it. The lord treasurer, it is plain, was face to face with a highly difficult situation. Both to his caution and his honesty it

¹ Hist. MSS. Rep. Hatfield MSS., il., pp. 156, 162.

was a very detestable scheme indeed. As he saw the thing, it can only have been in the queen a piece of folly that was simply disastrous; in the war-party a wicked and reckless attempt to regain their lost position. We, who are wise after the event, can have no doubt that Walsingham and Drake, in their attempt to precipitate a war on which they saw the salvation of their country depend, were both actuated by the most heroic motives; but to Burghley it was by no means so clear. His patriotism, his prudence, and his devotion to Elizabeth could only tell him that no effort must be spared to extricate her from the trap into which she had been enticed. His self-willed mistress and her love of profitable adventures were too well known to him to allow any hope that with such formidable names against him he would be able to induce her to reconsider her rash resolution. Besides she had given the strictest orders that "of all men the lord treasurer should not know of it," and the only official information Burghley had of the obnoxious expedition was that a trading-venture to Alexandria had been arranged under Drake's command. It was in this disguise the expedition was to sail. There was nothing except the secret information Burghley had obtained to show that it was anything but what it pretended to be, nothing on which to ground a demand that it should be stopped. The difficulties of open action were thus very great. He may even have doubted the correctness of the information. It was a project almost incredible in its daring, and as we have seen he knew his information came from a highly tainted source. In such a position no statesman of the sixteenth century would have hesitated a moment in adopting secret measures to prevent the disaster which threatened his policy, and least of all Burghley, whose whole career is one long story of astute and disinterested expedients to save his mistress from her evil counsellors and from herself. Some such secret measures he must certainly have taken, and even were

there no evidence at hand of what they were, we should at least know what to expect. "Whenever," Mr. Froude has well said, "the veil that overhangs Elizabeth's court is lifted treacherous influences are seen invariably at work. . . . The struggle between the two great parties in the State was nowhere hotter than in the immediate neighborhood of the queen, and every ambassador sent to a foreign court, every general in command of an expedition, found some one attached to him whose business it was to tie his hands and thwart his enterprises." It was left to Burghley to hinder what he could not prevent; and whatever else he did we may say with absolute certainty that he took care to have one of his army of secret agents at Drake's elbow. Who can really doubt that the agent was Doughty? The probabilities of the case, combined with the direct evidence of his uncontradicted admissions, raise a very strong presumption that it was he; and this presumption is raised yet higher by an examination of his conduct during the voyage. By no other theory is his behavior explicable except on the assumption that he had been employed by some one to prevent Drake from ever getting into the Pacific.

His first care seems to have been to form round him the nucleus of a party. His brother John was got out of prison and joined to the expedition. Another man whom Doughty specially recommended had to be cashiered in disgrace before the expedition finally sailed,¹ and later on several others fell under suspicion of being his accomplices.² Meanwhile in ignorance or disbelief of his friend's treachery, Drake was throwing all his ardor into the organization of his enterprise. Some warning of Doughty's intentions he seems certainly to have had before he sailed. "The very model of them," says the authorized narrative, "was shewed and declared to our general in his garden at Plymouth before his setting sail, which yet he either would not credit as true

¹ *The World Encompassed*, pp. 171, 187.

² *Ibid.*, p. 209.

or likely of a person whom he loved dearly and was persuaded of to love him likewise unfeignedly, or thought by love and benefits to remove and remedy it if there were any evil purposes conceived against him." And so the crabbed tale goes on; he continued to treat the man with undiminished favor and confidence, and flew into a passion if any one ventured to disclose to him "how the fire increased that threatened the destruction of the whole voyage together with his own."¹

Nor was any facility wanting to enable the conspirator to feel the flames. He had not, it is true, any official position in the squadron; but, as was the custom in these days with well-born volunteers, he was permitted by Drake to act on occasions as his lieutenant and second-in-command. The younger Essex during the expedition of Drake and Norreys against Lisbon was in exactly the same position, and Doughty used his advantage on every occasion to make it appear that the rank he owed to the general's favor was his by right. Opportunities were not wanting, and Drake's infatuation committed to Doughty the conduct of every honorable service that came to hand. As consistently Doughty used every one of them to undermine his friend's authority and to enhance his own. When troops were landed in the Cape Verde Islands to seek for provisions, it was Doughty who shared the command, and according to one witness he improved the occasion by tampering with the men.² When the great Portuguese prize was taken off St. Jago, it was Doughty again who was placed in charge, and this time his move was to accuse Thomas Drake, who was also aboard, of pilfering the cargo. Upon inquiry the charge was not substantiated; on the contrary, property belonging to the prisoners was found to be in Doughty's own possession, and Drake told him with an angry oath, that he knew it was Francis Drake and

not Thomas he was trying to disparage. Still he would not give up all hope of his friend, and so far listened to the intercession of the other gentlemen, as merely to order the offender back to the flag-ship while he himself continued the voyage across the Atlantic in the prize. But clemency was wasted on Doughty. No sooner was he on board the Pelican than he called the ship's company together and made them a speech in which he announced that the admiral had placed him in command of the flag-ship as his most trusted officer, and had deputed to him all the powers of the queen's commission.³ Naturally enough it was not long before complaints reached Drake's ears that Doughty was exceeding his authority. There are traces even of an attempt to induce the crew to desert and carry off the vessel.⁴ But whether this charge be true or not, it is certain that Doughty's conduct became so outrageous that in mid-ocean Drake sent for him and without permitting him to set foot on the prize ordered him in disgrace into the victual-ship which accompanied the squadron. Still Doughty never ceased his efforts to paralyze the undertaking. By fostering the jealousy which in every expedition of that time existed to a dangerous degree between the navigating staff and the gentlemen volunteers, he did his best to set the officers by the ears. The men he continued to assail with promises and cajolery, and even sought to increase his ascendancy over them by claiming skill in the black art.⁵ Nothing was wanting to favor his pretension. So terrible and persistent was the foul weather with which the squadron was tormented as it struggled southward along the American coast, that Drake himself seems to have come to doubt it was brewed by his friend's magic; and finally driven to desperation he placed both the brothers under arrest with strict orders that no one should speak to them, and that neither of them on pain of death

¹ The World Encompassed, p. 62.

² Ibid., p. 172. For "Ile of Man" read "Ile of Maio."

³ Harl. MSS. 6221, fol. 7. Omitted by Vaux.

⁴ The World Encompassed, p. 165.

⁵ Ibid., pp. 166, 173.

should set pen to paper nor yet read, but what every man might see and understand.¹

It was in Port St. Julian on the coast of Patagonia that Drake's long struggle with treachery came to an end. It was here that Magellan some sixty years before had put in to finally refit for his famous exploit; it was here that he had been compelled to hang two of his mutinous lieutenants who had attempted to stop further progress; and it was here after struggling for six months into a storm-land on which God's back seemed turned, that Drake again found traces of Christian men. For there on the desolate shore stood the stump of Magellan's gallows, and beneath it were found the skeletons of his mutineers. How far the desperate admiral was influenced by what may well have appeared to the old navy-preacher's son a sign from heaven, let each one judge for himself; but certain it is that here, over against the grim relic of his renowned predecessor, Drake brought his friend to trial. Whether Drake's commission authorized so high a proceeding is more than doubtful. He did not produce it at the trial, nor were the proceedings by way of court-martial. It was in all respects a lynch-court, with Drake as president and his comrades as jury, that found Doughty guilty; and it was by vote of the assembled crews that he was condemned to death. What followed exactly it is difficult to distil from the various conflicting accounts, but the story which seems best to reconcile them is that Drake gave the culprit the choice between execution and marooning. Cooke even says that Drake offered to shoot him with his own hand, in order that for their old friendship's sake he might die a soldier's death; but Doughty chose the block. To the last there seems to have been no ill-blood between them. It was as though two courtly gamblers had played for a high stake. Drake took payment without exultation, and Doughty lost like a gentleman. On

the day appointed for the end the two friends in token of mutual forgiveness took the Sacrament together, and then, as the block was made ready hard by, they all caroused together in a farewell banquet to their condemned comrade. The feasting over, Doughty craved a few words apart with Drake, saying no man knows what; and immediately after "with bills and staves" the prisoner was marched to execution. "Then Master Doughty embracing the general, naming him his good captain, bade him farewell, and so, bidding the whole company farewell, he laid his head on the block." The axe fell, and as the headsman held the head aloft, Drake in time-honored form cried out, "Lo, this is the end of traitors!"

And who can doubt, reading the story step by step, that Doughty was a traitor, that his crime was no common mutiny, but a plot elaborately conceived and carried out with cold and persistent skill? By no theory is it conceivable that such a man would have sought deliberately to ruin an enterprise from which he had so much to hope, unless he was employed to that end by some one who could make it worth his while. It was in the power of but two persons to do so. One was the king of Spain; but that it was he there is no hint or sign. He had no ambassador in England at the time, his agent was a prisoner in the Tower, and no warning of their danger reached the defenceless settlements on the Pacific coast.² The other was Burghley. The direct evidence that it was he we have seen. Slight as it is, it is quite as much as could be expected to leak out of so secret a piece of statecraft. In corroboration of that evidence, we have seen how his honest detestation of piracy, and his single-hearted desire to avoid offending Spain, render it impossible to believe he did not make some attempt to avert the danger that he saw hanging over his queen and country. Of such an attempt, if we reject the presumption of his privity to Doughty's action, there is no trace.

¹ *The World Encompassed*, pp. 199, 200.

² See documents collected by Peralta in his "*History of Costa Rica*," etc.

But the case does not rest here. There is still the sequel, and everything we know of it leads to the same conclusion. When Drake, to the marvel of all the world, came back with his prodigious plunder, the Spanish ambassador at once demanded his condemnation as a pirate. Burghley supported the demand. Fully alive to his danger now that diplomatic relations with Spain were restored, Drake began scattering presents right and left. Besides the lord admiral, Burghley was almost the only man who refused his bribe. Yet so formidable was the opposition with which Drake was confronted that for six months the world was in doubt whether his reward was to be a rope or an accolade; and it is certain that if the party in the Council who were acting against him and his noble shareholders could have used Doughty's death for their purpose, they would not have hesitated to do so. But it is equally certain that for some reason the affair was hushed up. The evidence we know was actually laid before Dr. Lewes of the Admiralty Court, but nothing came of it.¹ It was not that Doughty's brother, who had come home with Drake thirsting for revenge, did not demand redress, or that the law was not on his side. By a curious chance we know not only that he did take proceedings, but also that Drake's commission would not avail to stop them. For in the great debate which took place in 1628 on martial law, Sir Edward Coke quoted the case as a precedent. The report which Rushworth has preserved to us, in that pregnant simplicity our law-books know no more, runs thus: "Drake slew Doughty beyond sea. Doughty's brother desired an appeal in the Constable's and Marshal's court; resolved by Wray and the other judges he may sue there."² It was decided, that is to say, by the lord chief justice and the whole court of Queen's Bench that Drake, having nothing to show against the rule, was to be tried for murder by court-martial. And yet every

one is agreed that the trial never took place. John Doughty was willing enough to proceed; so fierce indeed was his resentment that, despairing of legal redress, he not long afterwards undertook for a great reward offered by the king of Spain to assassinate his brother's judge. Such being John Doughty's frame of mind, it must indeed have been strong unanimity in the Council which could prevent him from availing himself of the solemn decision in his favor. What will explain that unanimity except a something underneath which Drake's opponents and Mendoza's friends dared not risk to have unearthed?

If the story which Cooke's narrative unmistakably suggests be true, the mystery is made plain. It is a solution which may be right or may be wrong. We may treat Doughty's admissions as worthless, although they were against interest; we may call Cooke unworthy of belief, although on the vital points he is corroborated by the depositions; but of argument against the probability of the story I have been unable to meet with a shred, except an outcry that to conceive Burghley capable of such conduct is an insult to his memory. To think of the minister, whose name we are accustomed to associate with all that is great in Elizabeth's reign, deliberately setting to work to mar the success of the most famous achievement of her time, is an idea startling enough to throw any historian out of a judicial attitude. His mind revolts from even suspecting the great lord treasurer on evidence so fragmentary of a disgraceful piece of policy. But to say that he set Doughty to thwart Drake's raid into the South Sea is to lay to his charge nothing of which he need be ashamed. For although we who know what followed have come to regard Drake's triumphant lawlessness as one of the brightest points in our national reputation, Burghley with the future still dark could see it as nothing but a monstrous piece of piracy which, if successful, must plunge his country into an unequal war. In braving his mistress's displeasure to

¹ S. P. Dom. Eliz. 1582, cliv. fol. 63.

² Rushworth, abridged edition, vol. ii., p. 4.

avert the threatened disaster by means which were fully recognized in the political morality of the day, he was doing an act that, so far from being disgraceful, can only add lustre to his almost blameless career.

JULIAN CORBETT.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A FLORIDA GIRL.

CHAPTER I.

MR. EZRA TUNKS and Miss Mercy Tunks were two of the most valuable settlers in their part of Polk county, Florida.

Of course they were valuable for different reasons. Ezra was reckoned a first-rate settler because he could turn his hands to many and various things. He had edited the *Clearwater Chronicle* for a fortnight, and he was great at orange-growing and making wheelbarrows. As editor, he had started in the above well-known journal the plan of giving every female new-comer with a mole on her right arm an acre of excellent land over and above her family's ownings or purchases. The *Clearwater Chronicle* was dispersed all over the continent, and there was, subsequently, a decided influx of settlers with and without wives and daughters having moles on their right arms. His "Aphorism" column, as he called it, was thought a very "cute feature of the *Chronicle*." Here are two specimens of his aphorisms:—

The old year is rapidly drawing to a close.

Don't overestimate your position, young man.

In addition to all this, Ezra was very hospitable to new-comers, boarding them with his daughter Mercy at two dollars a day, just for all the world as if his house were an hotel. As a rule, however, he sold them land as some set-off to this generosity.

Mercy Tunks was a pretty girl after the American style. That is to say, she was fascinatingly self-conscious, impudent to the last degree, with grey eyes showing a desperate amount of

shrewdness, a sweet little mouth and ear, an elegant turned-up nose, and delicate small hands and feet. To trace the origin of these last would have baffled the genius of the most skilled of anthropologists, for Mercy's father wore immeasurable boots, her mother (now dead) had had limbs with appendages as large as President Lincoln's, and her grand-parents were so plebeian that they were never mentioned even in the Tunks' democratic home-circle.

To tell the truth, however, though she spoke like a British kitchenmaid, and had manners inconvenient for polite life, she was a girl to run after. At least, that was the idea of her that soon possessed Polk county.

But Mercy though eighteen (in Florida a full-ripe age for matrimony), had hitherto mocked mankind. She affected to be too lazy even to smile upon her suitors, which, of course, made them yearn all the more for a glance, even though a contemptuous one, from her lovely eyes. She was fonder of nothing than lolling about in the sunshine, with or without a ten-cent novel (pirated from the talent of England) in her brown little hand.

Her father adored Miss Tunks, which was quite in the order of nature. He was certainly an uncouth-looking gentleman to be blessed with such an offspring. He was lean as a lath, and much too tall to be symmetrical. A grey tuft of beard hung from his chin, and gave him something to hold when his hands were at a loss for occupation. He generally went about in his shirt-sleeves, wearing a sugarloaf-crowned straw hat immense of brim.

"My gal!" said Ezra Tunks one sweltering August day, as he sat cocked up against the outer wall of his wooden house on the side of Clearwater Lake, "I guess we'll have to get a young Englishman, like other folk. They're real good at hard work while they last. Them blacks is the very Satan to the pocket at two dollars the day."

"Wal," exclaimed Mercy Tunks, with one eye upon her father. She lay extended in the hammock slung be-

tween two of the green posts of the verandah, and one of her fair slim ankles hung gracefully over the edge of the tissue.

"There's no objection, eh?"

"None from me, you bet, pa; niggers ain't sassiety, and I'm dead weary of Dr. Smith."

"Ah, there you're kinder wrong chile. The doctor has a very pretty balance of dollars in the Jacksonville Bank, I can tell thee!"

"Wal, let him. He's five-and-thirty, and full of grey hairs."

Mr. Tunks laughed ironically.

"Five-and-thirty's the prime time of manhood, and you won't find many in these parts as have got their wisdom without getting grey along of it!"

"Wal, that may be, pa. It don't make any difference to my feelings for Dr. Smith. You can anyhow fix that Englishman, and welcome. He ought to be one as can pump, though!"

Mr. Tunks straightway took a pencil from his waistcoat-pocket and scribbled off the following advertisement, which duly appeared in the *London Times* three weeks later:—

"A Genuine Opportunity. — Wanted a young gentleman apprentice to the orange-growing. Premium, two hundred dollars. All found, and the industry taught gratis; must be strong and willing to work; preferred with a knowledge of pumping. Chance of partnership afterwards, perhaps. Write to Mr. Ezra Tunks, Clearwater, Polk County, Florida."

"It's a bit patchey, pa, ain't it? But it'll do," murmured Miss Mercy, as she held the slip between her dapper finger and thumb. "My goodness! I wonder who he'll be like to?"

"Never you mind that, chile. It's made to catch one of the strong, soft sort, and that's what we desiderate, I guess. It's his arms and legs we pine for, and his bit of money too. It'll give us excuse to shunt that old hoss, Luke, who eats —"

"Lor, papa, if you'd have seen him this very morning at breakfast. I declare I thought he'd never have done. He packed about three pounds of rice

and grease into his old carcase, and then said he felt — well, emptyish!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Ezra Tunks, paling through his mahogany-colored skin. "A meal like that three times a day! and rice six cents the pound in the Clearwater stores, let alone his two dollars a day! This young Britisher'll come just in time to dig the sweet taters and cut the cane of the new one-acre patch. That'll do nicely!"

"Do Englishmen eat much, pa?"

"They generally die, my chile — leastways in Florida. There's a graveyard in Portlock, by the Gulf, with only fifteen heaps in it, and twelve of them's over British bones. It don't suit their constitution, I reckon. It's very sad for them, but we can't help that, can we, if they will come courting of death as they do?"

"I guess you're right," murmured Mercy, as she gazed dreamily across the glittering lake at the dark green woods on the other side, canopied by the blue heavens. "Times are I can't make out why God made folks!"

"My chile, that ain't no business of ours. We show our gratitude and wit sufficiently, I reckon, if we use his manufactures just as smartly as we know how."

Mercy's only comment upon this wicked philosophy was a sleepy "Wal."

It was so hot that she fell asleep the next moment, in spite of the mosquitoes and the noisy grunting of a mocking-bird in imitation of an old sow.

CHAPTER II.

THE scene changes to an ancient, gabled manor-house in Buckinghamshire. An important enough house two or three hundred years ago; for traces of its past greatness still remained in the sunken moat on one side, now smoothed off into a paddock. Formerly peacocks sunned themselves on the green, raised bank of garden at the back of the building. But these fair old times were gone for Duncombe Manor. Sheep now nibbled the grass to the very windows of the house, and the flower-beds nurtured many a

weed. An air of genteel neglect pervaded the house and grounds alike.

The same night have been said of Pitt Duncombe, Esq., himself, the present owner of the manor. He was sauntering about the dishevelled lawn in a coat of rusty velvet with his hands in his pockets. His countenance was eloquent of hard times, agricultural depression, recalcitrant farmers, unlet homesteads, and that sort of thing. And yet there was a subdued sweetness in his expression that told of the gentlemanly heart within him. If you could have read his thoughts, you would have found them to this effect:—

"A man can put up with Fortune's knocks well enough so long as they hit him and no one else. But the ricochet! that's where the rub comes in. How in the world are the boys going to make their way in life, handicapped as they are by their gentility? This gentility seems a most unmarketable quality, Heaven help us!

"There's Ralph! He's the very fellow for a soldier, like his uncles and great-uncles; but he can't get through his exams, and mess expenses would break him altogether. Bob, too, poor fellow, has nothing but his fine face and strong limbs. That last report of him from Harrow was a nice thing: 'Shows extraordinary talent in remaining in a form among boys two or three years junior to him.' And now he has been at home two years—there's no money for Oxford or Cambridge in his case, even if he could qualify. Well, well, thank Heaven, a hundred years hence it will be of no consequence to any one."

Mr. Duncombe was proceeding with these unprofitable reflections, so bitter to the man of sixty, when a lady stepped upon the lawn by the French window of one of the lower rooms of the house.

"Read that," she said, somewhat peremptorily. "It seems quite providential."

"What is it about, Maria?"

"Read it, and you will see its application fast enough."

Mr. Duncombe took the *Times*, and

then looked up at his wife in a faintly scared way.

"You don't mean that you think it would do for either of —"

"For Robert, of course."

"But the inherent vulgarity of the —"

"Inherent nonsense! You are really quite a fool, Pitt. If the world is to be cut to suit your sons' tastes, well and good; the sooner it's done the better for them. But you know—you've said it yourself scores of times—that they've got to face a new condition of things. I should say you couldn't do better for him, and there's an end of it. He's a heavy drag on us now, and we can't afford it. Put it to him, and you'll see."

"If he were your own son, Maria—"

"If he were my own son, I should settle the matter without all this weak preamble; but, as he isn't, I can only give you my opinion. You will, of course, disregard it; but I shall at least have the consolation of knowing that I tried to save one of your sons from the ruin he's sure to come to if he stays here doing nothing."

Mr. Duncombe put his hands to his forehead as his wife sailed back into the house with an indignant rustle of her dress. He wandered away from the house, descended the worn old steps that once connected the park land with the manor gardens, and strolled idly among the old oaks of the pasture. The leaves were changing color fast, and the air was crisper than it ought to have been in September.

Pitt Duncombe's thoughts were now less pleasant than ever. This notion that his wife had thrust into his mind was of so composite a kind. It was natural that a stepmother (especially when her money was the sole stay of the establishment) should make no pretence of caring about her stepsons; but should he, his boys' father, act as if he also were indifferent to them?

Florida! Why, surely that meant death to an Englishman! Fevers, brawls, the unaccustomed climate, snakes—by one or other of these

causes it seemed to him that the emigrant of gentle origin was sure to come to a speedy and tragic end.

He sat down on the dry root of an oak-tree, and was endeavoring to take a more dispassionate view of the case when the near crack of a gun made him start upon his feet.

"By Jove, dad!" cried a broad-shouldered young man in knickerbockers, clapping a hand upon his thigh as he held his smoking gun aside, "I nearly had you. Fancy you being there!"

"Never mind, Bob. A miss is as good as a —"

"As a mile, eh? I am so fond of those old proverbs, because a fellow can remember them, somehow. I've potted three and a half brace — not bad in an hour, you know, is it? But I say, why do you look so down, old dad?"

"Do I? I didn't know. To tell you the truth, my boy, I was thinking about you!"

"Oh, come! well, I am sorry the thought of me has such an effect upon you. Tell me, what is it? I'll do anything — any mortal thing that man can do — to please you — you know I will, if I can!"

"Yes, yes, my boy. I was hoping something might happen. We Duncombes are not so clever as other people, I suppose!"

"I know I'm a fool, father — always was, to the best of my recollection. Yet if I could do anything for the old place! It makes me wild sometimes."

"Your stepmother thinks —"

"Hang it all, dad, I don't care a partridge-feather what *she* thinks. What do *you* think?"

"It is this that has excited her today; read it, if you like. I have nothing to do with it, one way or the other."

The young man took the paper, and spent fully two minutes in digesting Mr. Tunks's advertisement; he was so very slow and dense.

"I see," he exclaimed at length, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Well, I'll go and gladly, though I

don't know so much about pumps. I like that 'chance of partnership afterwards.' Whereabouts is Florida, dad? and how much is a dollar? Come, dear old dad, don't make so much of it. What does it matter if one chick leaves the nest, when there are so many others?"

Bob Duncombe put his arm round his father's neck, and would have sacrificed a year's partridge-shooting to know what to say to chase away the sadness on the old man's face. It was more than sadness, however; it was despair; for Bob was his favorite son, and therefore, as he fancied, the one least in the esteem of his second wife.

"If I were free," Pitt Duncombe said, somewhat brokenly, "how I should like to go with you! We'd make a new house for the old family, wouldn't we?"

"Ay, that we would. But I tell you what, if when we've talked it over, we all like the idea, I'll go out for a year at any rate. If I don't do much by then, why I can come back, can't I, like so many others?"

"Yes, that's true, my boy; and there's no knowing what may happen in a year. Suppose we get home, and have a chat about it before lunch?"

This they did, the palaver being held in an old summer-house at one corner of the lawn.

The result was that Bob Duncombe accepted Florida as his destiny.

A letter was written to Mr. Tunks (whose name, thought Mr. Duncombe, was the most frightful feature of a bad business), and Bob Duncombe followed the letter, with 100*l.* in his pocket, two leathern portmanteaux, and a gun-case. Though he had no knowledge of pumping, he surmised, with a shrewdness wonderful in such a young man, that Mr. Tunks would be perfectly willing to engage him as an apprentice.

Save for the separation from his father, he much enjoyed the idea of seeing something of a far country.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Bob Duncombe arrived at Clearwater he was in tip-top condition.

He had taken his time on the way. Florida folks seemed to like him. At least, that was the only reasonable way to explain the several pressing invitations to shoot, yacht, and fish which he received from casual acquaintances in the Jacksonville hotels. Though it went against his conscience, he had said yes to three of these invitations, and fine fun he had had. The letters he wrote home to his brother Ralph, all about alligators, and bear, and panther, and tarpon, made the heir of the Duncombes groan with desire to be doing likewise.

And so one sultry October forenoon, just when the sky was clearing after a tremendous thunderstorm, Bob bowed up to the Tunks bungalow, and jumped down.

"Oh, my stars, siree!" screamed the dusky driver who had had charge of him in the buggy during the last six hours from Barton, "I'm frightful sorry we've met to part. Josh Despair ain't seen many Britishers to beat you — by gosh, he ain't!"

"Throw out the luggage, and good-bye to you," said Bob, giving the man a dollar for himself. "Any one in?" he cried, beating upon the door.

"Seems as if there ain't," observed the darky, with a lingering grin still on his lips.

"You're sure this is the place — 'Ezra Tunks, Clearwater, Polk County'?" asked Bob, reading the address from his pocket-book.

"Dead sure! They'll be in by an' by, boss. You be patient, and jes' smoke till they comes. Maybe I'll see a colored gentleman among the cane, and I'll send him along to the house. Good-day, boss; I can't wait, because Mr. Terriss he says, says he, 'the quicker you're back in Barton, the more cents you'll get for the job.'"

"Fare thee well then, thou black son of Mammon," said Bob, with a flourish of the hand as the dusky driver moved away, with a parting show of white teeth.

Our friend looked about him.

It was a pretty spot for Florida. The white house was built on the slope of a

knoll of light-colored sand, about fifty feet above a lake. Between the house and the water was an orchard of orange-trees in the pink of condition. The red fruit hung by thousands among the glossy leaves of the shapely trunks. Behind the house was a tuft of pines, and on either side were more pines — in fact, the primeval forest. The sun in the clouded heavens shone upon the lake and the woods beyond, and made as fair a scene as a somewhat tired traveller could wish to behold.

"This Mr. Tunks ought to be a happy man," said Bob aloud to himself.

As he turned to examine the green-shuttered house more minutely, he saw somebody's head slide away from one of the windows.

"Oh, I say," he shouted, "that's mean. Let a fellow in, will you? I'm here on particular business."

He approached the window, and with appalling rudeness stared inside the room.

There his eyes met those of Mercy Tunks, who seemed as if she had not long been out of bed.

The girl's hand went towards a revolver on the table, and she looked fiercely at the intruder.

Bob took off his hat, with a loud apology, and turned his back, denouncing himself for a fool as ever, but in his heart deeply interested in the girl whose pretty grey eyes had glared at him with such a becoming expression of anger.

He sat down on a portmanteau and fell a-wondering what would happen. Would the young woman by and by appear and invite him into the house? or would he have to wait the home-coming of Mr. Ezra Tunks?

A hand on his shoulder aroused him. Mercy had dressed herself to the best of her ability. "Say, what do you do here?" she asked, and he noticed she still held the pistol in her right hand.

"Really," said Bob, with a most generous bow, "I can't say how vexed I feel at being such a cad. I wasn't sure I saw any one, and I did it to make sure, you know. Please forgive me?"

"What's a cad?" asked Mercy,

"and who are you?" But she suddenly changed her tone as she caught sight of his name on a portmanteau. "You don't say you're the Britisher that wrote to father and said he was starting right off?"

A nod and a smile answered her.

"My eyes! So you're Mr. Robert Duncombe. Wal, it was real smart of you. I guess you look good for something, but I misdoubt it being the kind of something father wants!"

Mercy's enthusiasm had led her to say so much that she felt ashamed of herself; not for many a long day had she rattled off words to such an extent. Without well knowing what she did, she let her eyes fall before the earnest gaze of Master Bob.

"May I ask who you are?" demanded that young gentleman in his most dulcet tones.

"Mercy," she began, and then stopped in a fit of obstinacy.

"Oh, all right! I ask your pardon for my impertinence, since you take it so. I thought you might be a relative of Mr. Ezra Tunks—odd name for a gentleman, isn't it?"

"Odd or not, young man, he's my father."

"What! then you are a Miss Tunks! Good gracious, I'm so pleased. We shall be in the same house then, shan't we? By Jove, that will be pleasant! I'm right glad I came."

"I ain't so sure, mister," remarked Mercy, in a tone she meant to be defiant. She was subtly examining Mr. Duncombe, and calculating how her papa would tackle this unlikely-looking substitute for the nigger Luke.

"Say," she added, "have you ever done any work before?"

"Faith, no; but I've seen it done, and I'm pretty willing."

"There's a many that's that, and they lie low before they know what's o'clock."

"Oh, do they!" said Bob.

A rather embarrassing silence ensued. Mr. Duncombe was thinking he should like to tell his companion that she would look considerably more

lovely if she paid more attention to her hair. Not that it mattered so very much, for he thought her charming enough as it was, though she did refuse to meet his gaze as often as he would have liked.

"Are you what they call 'a gentleman'—in England?" asked Mercy at length.

"I believe I am. I was born so, you know, and therefore it's no fault of mine."

"Then you'll be precious green, I reckon—so father would say. Will you look around, or could you peck a bit?"

"I could peck a bit, with pleasure; but a walk with you would be much nicer."

"You're real obliging! But I ain't accustomed to keep company with the farm hands——"

The next instant she could have bitten her tongue off. She was not naturally ungenerous, but the temptation to snub this handsome stranger, who was to take Luke the nigger's place and die off without being regretted by any one, except her father (and by him only as if he were a superior sort of beast of burden), was too strong at the moment.

"I didn't mean that—it was a bit of original sin bursting out, I guess," she murmured. "Come along, if you will."

"Nothing I should like better," said Bob cheerily, and more than ever fascinated by the glow of crimson blood in the girl's nut-brown cheeks.

They stepped into the garden paddock, between the house and the orange-groves.

"Pray, Miss Tunks, what's that?" asked Bob, pointing to a row of green plants. "I must learn the things, you know."

"Good sakes!" exclaimed Mercy, turning upon him. "Don't you know? It's a tater. Wal!"

"Oh, really. Ours are different. You're not offended with me for not being on bowing terms with a Florida potato, are you? I'm not thought much of a fellow at home, and it'll be

hard lines to be despised abroad too, especially when ——"

"When what?"

"No. I'd rather not tell you."

"Do, now."

"You'll think me softer than ever; for I'm told you American girls don't grow hearts."

"That's false. And I shan't think any the worse of you; I couldn't do that."

"Oh, thank you. You won't tell your father, then?"

"I ain't used to tell him everything, you bet. As sure as my name's Mercy, I'll keep your secret if you want me to."

"Oh, is your name Mercy? I misunderstood you just now. What a charming name!—so suggestive of kindness, long-suffering, and all that, you know."

"Say, Mr. Duncombe, you'll never do here," interposed Mercy, with an amount of earnestness that sat with uncommon grace upon her. "You ain't downright enough. Why don't you tell me that other reason you were going to mention and didn't? It ain't right to shift a lady's desires in that there way."

"I beg your pardon most humbly, Miss Mercy. I only meant to say that my people in England are in rather a bad way in money matters, you know. And so it would be a blow to my dear old dad if I were to prove a muff here as well as there. Not that I ever had much chance of being anything else in the old country."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mercy, scanning him, with a new light in her eyes. "The world's queer. Shouldn't have thought you'd be taken for a muff—outsides are so deceitful though, pa says."

A muscular negro slouched up to them from the orange-grove and nodded grinningly at Miss Tunks.

"Oh, Mr. Duncombe," exclaimed that young lady under another wicked inspiration, "let me introduce you to Luke Cass. He'll leave to-morrow, I reckon, and you'll fill his place."

"Delighted to meet Mr. Cass! How

do you do, sir," said Bob, offering his hand to the darky, who took it with eagerness, and wagged his woolly head approvingly, as he looked up and down his successor.

"I kinder think he'll do, missy," said the negro. "It wants a strong 'un, though, for them twelve-foot canes."

An hour passed, and Miss Mercy began to find the task of entertaining Mr. Duncombe—even in her fashion—rather a laborious one. In reply to his inquiries she had told him about the game in the woods, and had further enlightened him about the nature of the various trees and products in the garden and the skirts of the forest. Not that Bob really was a bore to her. It was the novelty of the incident that told upon her. Though she felt unaccustomed and decidedly pleasurable thrills of interest in the young man who had so readily got upon a companionable footing with her, she longed for a cigarette and a ten-cent romance—her wonted afternoon dissipation.

Happily, her father came to her relief, and the sardonic expression on Ezra's long, hatchet face as he gazed at the new-comer reawakened her own interest in him.

"I suppose, Mr. Duncombe," said Ezra very shortly, after they had shaken hands and he had replied to the brisk remarks about the weather which our friend tendered him in a very amiable manner, "you have those two hundred dollars along of you?"

"I have, sir. They are at your service at once, if you like."

"Thankee, I will, then. We can talk about dockments and that later on."

The transfer of the bank-notes was being made in the open, equally to the satisfaction of both gentlemen (Bob viewing it as a guarantee that he would see plenty of Miss Mercy), when the girl slipped her hand into her father's arm.

"I say, pa," she whispered.

"What is it now?"

"Oh, 'tain't much; but don't take it from him, father, just to oblige me."

"Why, the chile's gone crazy since

the morning," exclaimed Ezra, glancing at his daughter's ruddied face and then at Bob Duncombe. "Business is business, ain't it now, Mr. Duncombe? Folks that come to Florida hev to pay for it, just as folks that visit London or Paris hev to. It's paid for here in money as well as work, but the money's little enough. Certain words I wrote when I was editor come to my mind: 'Some folks that make for Florida appear to be in search of a land where well-roasted turkeys, full of stuffing, walk the streets with carving-knives sticking in their backs. This ain't a land of that sort. Honest labor's the key to open the Florida heart.' Do you say ditto to those sentiments, Mr. Duncombe, or don't you? It all hinges on that whether you and me shakes hands on our bargain."

"Certainly sir," said Bob, quite won by the genial candor of Mr. Tunks's address. "As you say, business is business, and therefore I must beg of you to take the dollars according to the advertisement."

"I will, then," said Mr. Tunks promptly, as he pocketed the notes. "And now I'll show you the house."

The old gentleman marched in front, with his goatee beard shaking elatedly.

This gave Bob an opportunity of whispering the words thank you in Miss Mercy's ear, and further giving her a look that sent all her woman's blood racing towards her heart.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT evening Mr. Ezra Tunks administered to Bob Duncombe a very grave lecture about his duties as "apprentice to the orange-growing."

It appeared that he was to have nothing to do with the oranges for the next six or seven weeks. Then the time of picking and packing would have arrived. Meanwhile, he was to do other work of a considerable kind.

"Just lend me down that there calendar on the wall by your ear, will you?" said Mr. Tunks. It was a card of his own compiling. "Read what it says for October and November." Bob read:—

"October. — Plant same as last month. Put in garden peas. Set out cabbage-plants. Dig sweet potatoes. Sow oats, rye, etc.

"November. — A good month for garden. Continue to plant and transplant, same as for October. Sow oats, barley, and rye, for winter pasturage crops. Dig sweet potatoes; house or bank them. Make sugar and syrup."

"That's very interesting, Mr. Tunks, though what one would call in England 'a rather large order.'"

"We call it much the same here, young man. And don't give me any chaff, because I can't abide it. I was brought up different to you, I reckon."

"Indeed, I'm awfully sorry. I apologize to you."

"What you've read there you'll hev to do, more or less; and you won't forget that there's nothing worse than idleness."

"I'm not likely to forget that, if I have to plant—how does it run?" (with a look at the calendar)—"oh, I see—same as last month—garden peas, cabbages, oats, barley, rye for winter—"

"Send me patience!" burst out Mr. Ezra Tunks, with a vigorous frown and a dash of his fist upon the table.

But a ringing laugh from outside suddenly cut his passion short.

"I'll thank you to shut the door," said Ezra. "And now, young man, there's one thing more. You're one of them cool, darned, sarcy, young cusses (no offence, mind!) that catch hold of young women's affections. I tell you positive then—I'll hev no making love to my daughter."

"Upon my word, sir, this is just a little too much!" Bob rose and took his hat.

"Oh, it's no use you 'sirring' me, and putting on them patrician airs. Plump down again and sip a drink of wisdom. I ain't an out-and-out brute, but I know a bit of human nature, and so I say it. You've got to promise, then, and first time you break it, back you go to your patrician acres."

"There's not much of the patrician left about them," observed Bob bit-

terly. "I'm here, however, and you've got my money, and so —"

"And so you may as well stay a while—that's all right. It's understood, then, that you, Mr. Robert Duncombe, and my daughter Mercy are pretty nigh strangers to each other?"

"Well!"

"And 'll stay so?"

"That seems probable."

"Then it's settled; and to-morrow, at six, you can turn out and dig a barrowfull of the sweet taters as a beginning. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Bob, and he departed to the solitude of his chamber. It was a plain, undecorated, wooden appendix to the main house, and daylight shone through the chinks on all sides. The only article that at all cheered Bob's eyes was a rose in a tumbler which had not been there when he was in the room before.

Now, it was weak of a man like Ezra Tunks to address a man like Bob Duncombe in this way. But it was still weaker of him to tackle his daughter Mercy on the same subject. This he did—though it was to his own discomfort.

Mercy had hitherto had her own way in life. She had been a dutiful daughter, but it was mainly, perhaps, because it suited her temperament to be filial. When, however, her papa solemnly enjoined her to keep the new hand at a distance, she turned upon him and charged him with gross behavior to Mr. Duncombe.

"I heard you, pa, and so I say it!" she exclaimed tempestuously.

Then she fell a-sobbing, and Ezra, after a naughty interjection, went his way to find comfort in a long, green cigar.

The next morning Bob was making acquaintance with the sweet-potato patch, and wishing the Florida sun was not quite so hot, when Miss Mercy stepped up to him. It was an hour before her usual time for rising.

"Good-morning, Mr. Duncombe," she said, with a bright smile.

"Good-morning," said Bob, without lifting his head. He struck the fork so

hard into the ground that he had much ado to pull it out again.

"Did you have a good time last night, Mr. Duncombe?—sleep well?"

"Yes."

"No insects?"

"None."

"You're fine and tight-mouthed this day, I do declare!" exclaimed Miss Mercy, with a toss of her shoulder.

Bob glanced up at her, and saw that she was as neat again as she had been the day before. The morning air, too, had put new lustre into her eyes and freshened her cheeks.

"Look here, Miss Mercy!" he said, ramming the fork into the ground, "I've pledged myself to regard you as a sort of man-at-the-wheel—not to be spoken to, you know. Your father has a low opinion of us Englishmen, and so I suppose it's right enough. It's hard for me, especially when you come to me like this; but a man's word is his word, you know."

"And look here, Mr. Duncombe—a father's a very serious piece of goods, as I guess none of us would come into creation without one. But he ain't all the world, especially out here. The young birds stretch their wings, you know, a deal quicker here than anywhere else. And so, I'd have you know, I don't reckon papa's word, on a subject like this, worth a snap of finger and thumb."

She spoke thus with a smart click of her pretty finger and thumb towards the blue heavens.

"Oh, really," exclaimed Master Bob, pulsing with admiration of her.

"Perhaps you will think it ain't the thing for a gal to say?"

"No, I don't do any such thing."

"Come now, that's all right. Lor! how you do stare at a soul with those fine eyes of yours!"

"Do I? Well, it's very rude of me, but you see your own eyes are so nice to look at, that I imagine some of their reflection —"

"Say! this is keeping the fifth commandment, ain't it?" Mercy laughed a tinkling laugh. "Have you any sisters, Mr. Duncombe?"

"Not altogether. They're my father's second wife's daughters, you know—little maids about as high as this agricultural implement!"

"I reckon they're a plague to their mamma, then, ain't they?"

"In what way?"

"Oh, in every way—running off into the woods, and not coming home in time, and that?"

Mr. Duncombe raised his eyebrows with an amused expression. "Well, you are an ignorant little puss—I mean, that is—I beg your pardon; it slipped out quite unawares."

"Wal, it was a bit rough on a lady."

Mercy laughed gaily, and her small, even, white teeth glinted in the sunlight.

Bob Duncombe also laughed. Then he gripped the fork and said: "I must really get on with work. I don't want to vex your father."

"Because you like him, or because you're afraid of him—which is it now?"

"It's neither, since you press me. It's because I should be sorry to have to remove out of seeing distance of—somebody."

"Oh, I'm sorry I'll have to leave you though. Father wants a pie, and he don't like to think of Rebecca's black fingers mixing the things, and so I do it."

"Most fortunate pie!" exclaimed Bob, throwing up a knot of potatoes.

Mercy made the pie standing by the window in a straight line with Mr. Duncombe's gaze when he paused in his labors and raised his head. She sang while she worked at it, and as often as he looked up, to wipe his forehead or stretch himself, his eyes met hers, and they smiled.

When Ezra Tunks returned from his morning inspection of the more distant of his plantations, he was not dissatisfied with the result of Bob's first efforts. Indeed he marvelled, though prudently he kept his marvelling to himself.

"I guess," he observed calmly, "it ain't the first time that you've dug taters?"

"It is, though, I assure you," said Bob.

"That so! Then you'll do, if you keep your health; and now you can come along into the house and eat your meal."

Being a strong young fellow, Bob had not much to grumble about at the end of his first day's toil at Clearwater. It was much the same when a month had passed. By that time, he had tanned in an amazing manner, and his biceps were of a very respectable size. He had broadened too, and his appetite had become almost as remarkable as that of the superseded nigger, Luke Cass.

He was not unhappy. Men like Bob Duncombe seldom are unhappy until their livers make themselves felt.

But neither was he very contented with his station in life. As Luke had surmised, he found the twelve-foot cane a vexatious job, and he lost a good deal of flesh by liquefaction during the process of harvesting. Still, neither that, nor the Florida sun, made him any the less stalwart a young man.

The trial of his life was his love for Miss Mercy, which had grown up in his heart with the strength and rapidity of a plant in the tropics. There was no shadow of a doubt about it.

It was not so very severe a trial, either. But he did not think himself absolved from his promise to Ezra, his taskmaster; and it was so manifestly inconsistent with the fitness of things for a mere apprentice, like him, to ask Ezra for the hand of his daughter, that he preferred to keep his passion as much to himself as possible.

But of course Mercy was in his secret. Nature opened the girl's young heart to the truth. Ezra asked her once or twice what had come over her; she was so much more spruce and fair to look upon, and dressed her hair in a different way every week, and talked so much, and smoked less than before. But she easily baffled the ex-editor.

Bob considered himself on his honor not to make any overtures to Mercy. But his eyes spoke for themselves, and

Mercy's eyes responded. And now and again, when Ezra was out of the way, the girl would come and talk to him, and ask him questions, and swing her hammock between the trees near where he was working—to all which, though an emphatic contravention of the wishes of her papa, he offered no objection.

His love became a still greater trial to him, however, after a certain day, when he found himself unable to control it any longer—when, after having taken Mercy in his arms and got from her an acknowledgment that she loved him as dearly as he loved her, he went straightway to Ezra Tunks and avowed their mutual love, and met with a torrent of ill-bred abuse and scorn for his pains.

"You'll hev to clear out of this in a week," said Ezra excitedly. "I'll give you a week to make your plans. You may bet your life my gal ain't for a chap without a dollar to his name—so there!"

CHAPTER V.

WHEN he got this reply from Mr. Tunks Bob went and had a spell at the patent Busby pump. Ordinarily he hated this work—it was so very provocative of perspiration, and so mechanical. But to-day it suited his humor. As he moved the handle up and down he asked himself, "What shall I do? Shall I go away and never see her again, or shall I defy Ezra Tunks and all his works?"

He remembered that it was Mercy who had taught him how to manœuvre the Busby pump. How archly pretty she had looked as she took the iron in her little hand and said: "You go so, and it works so." And, to make sure that he learned it properly, he had held the handle at the same time, and repeated the words, "if you go so, it goes so," and then they had forced the thing up and down together, stooping and rising in unison, after which they had laughed in unison.

The pump helped him to settle his plans.

"I won't go," he resolved; "un-

less that old screw returns me my dollars. He'll never do that; ergo, I don't go.

"I won't go because I can't get this girl out of my heart like other girls. Besides, I don't want to; and that's a still better reason.

"The upshot is, therefore, that I defy Ezra Tunks and all his works."

Ezra Tunks was a simpleton, except in the matter of dollar-grubbing.

He thought that, when he had smitten Bob Duncombe's aspirations hip and thigh, he had done all that was needful. But he found that he had still to reckon with his daughter.

Mercy had kept aloof during the fateful interview; but she watched it, and guessed the issue.

She saw Bob go his way through the orange-grove with a strong swing of the arms and an impatient carriage of the head.

She also saw her sire stamp the ground like an irritated horse and chew up the lower end of the cigar that was between his teeth. Having done this, he expectorated afar, stuck his hands into his trouser-pockets in a very vicious manner, and tramped up and down among a bed of young pine-apples with incredible disregard for the precious plantings. This he continued to do for fully half an hour, and then he turned away from the bungalow. His gun was resting by the cypress palisades near which he passed, but he did not lift it, and strode away into the forest with many jerks of the head.

"I know as well 's his own conscience what's in his mind," murmured Mercy. "Pa ain't a bit puzzling to understand, though he thinks himself fine and intricate. If it ain't his money, it's me. Wal, it ain't his money, and so it's me. Poor pa—I see!"

The girl determined to follow Mr. Tunks. She was as fleet of foot as a fawn when she chose to be. Gathering her skirts together, therefore, with a reckless display of her pretty ankles, she frisked through the pineapples, and was by her father's side ere he

had got a hundred yards into the forest.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Ezra, turning, and with no very sweet expression on his countenance.

"You've hit it, pa."

"I'm going down to Dan Smith's, my chile," said Ezra, with an attempt to hide the vexation within him.

"What for, father?"

"Oh — to borrow a Rasper rake — I kinder think I may be late. Don't do anything to trouble your old father that loves you so well, Mercy."

"There's them, pa, that woman-kind's made to love better than father and mother and all the world besides. We're born so, ain't we? I can't help it."

"What does the chile mean?" exclaimed Ezra, feigning wonder.

"I guess you know, pa. I'm your daughter, and can tell hickory from palmetto."

"But you don't desire me to infer that you've given him your young affections, chile — don't say that, and break your father's heart in his old age."

"I won't, then, if it'll break your heart."

Ezra put his large, loose hands to his face, and for a moment or two his goatee beard shook convulsively between his two sinewy wrists.

But Mercy remained unmoved by this pantomimic exhibition of paternal grief. She knew her father, and she could see that his dark eyes glittered tearlessly from the casements made by his long, lean fingers.

"I wouldn't do that, father," she said, in the reproachful manner one uses to a child.

"Then I shall take you right off to your cousin Sarah's this very afternoon in the buggy," exclaimed Ezra warmly, and dropping all affectation. "You'll please to put your things together for a week or a fortnight. Your cousin'll be glad to see you, and I've promised it this many a week. Be a dutiful daughter, my chile, and go right off and see about it."

"I won't go, pa!"

If only Bob Duncombe could have seen her as she stood facing her father at this moment! Her left arm was outstretched against a girdled pine, while the other hung gracefully towards her hip. The spirit of independence and maiden self-assertion had given a deportment to her head that was almost regal, and threw into fine relief the admirable contour of her form. Her attitude, however, though very striking, was as nothing to the beauty of her face. The grey eyes were transfigured, and the small mouth, with its parted lips, was divinely alluring.

And, as luck had it, Bob did see her, and his soul went out towards her; and he was only withheld from joining issue with her against her father by the rapturous surprise she aroused within him. Was this the girl who had seemed to him laziness and inertia sweetly personified? She stood like a stage queen, and the tall man opposite to her seemed positively small in comparison to her.

Bob had soon tired of the patent Busby pump, and his steps had led him obliquely by the house. He had heard the voices in the wood, and, without meaning to play the spy, had come within ten yards of father and daughter unperceived. There he stayed, more than half hid by the trunk of one of the big rotting trees.

Now this part of Ezra Tunks's estate had not yet been prepared for planting. The trees were formidable fellows, many of the pines being eighteen inches to two feet in diameter. To the novice this may not seem very much; but in Florida it is quite enough to tax the vigor of the woodman severely. Two dollars a day and his food is by no means reckoned extravagant pay for the darky who is supposed to be swinging his axe against these stout scions of the forest for six or eight hours of the twenty-four.

Many of the pines had been girdled and left to die a sure but slow natural death. Of late, however, Ezra had desired to turn the land to more immediate account. If he could get it

well cleared, and set out even with the most phantasmal little slips of orange-trees from his nursery, he proposed to advertise it as an orange-grove worth a few thousand dollars. It is astonishing how seductive even so untried a grove as this can be made to look — on paper.

With this intention he had commissioned one of the hired men to fell the pines, and during the last week the man had made the forest echo with his hatcheting. But, like most niggers, he was a thoughtless fellow, careful only how to get the most enjoyment out of life. He sang while he worked, and took rests every half-hour to enable him to smoke his pipe and sip nasty medicated rum from a large bottle. And when the sun glimmered a dusky orange-red through the dark colonnaded trunks of the forest he stayed his hands, shouldered his axe, and trudged off merrily to his hut thatched with boughs, and to the joys of black domestic life. No matter if a tree was half or three-quarters felled, he let it remain so. The morrow would give him his opportunity to finish the work, and that sufficed him.

It happened then that when Ezra Tunks, being staggered by his daughter's defiance of him, stepped back and noisily drew a long breath, he bumped hard against a tree which had been cut through almost wholly. A mere filament of bark and its own poise seemed to have held it erect.

"You won't, my chile?"

The tree swayed for a second towards the side away from Ezra, but the rebound followed, and before Mercy's cry could warn her father of his danger, it had fallen upon him, carried him heavily to the ground, and pinned him there tightly across the back. He lay face downwards.

"Oh, father!" cried the girl, and she was on her knees in an instant.

Bob Duncombe also had bounded to the spot. His and Mercy's eyes met across the body of the unhappy Ezra.

"Be quick, my chile!" whispered poor Mr. Tunks. Blood sobbed from his lips with the words themselves.

"Oh, Bob, dear! what can we do?"

It'll be the death of him! Can we shift it anyhow?"

"We'll try," said Bob Duncombe.

It was not one of the bigger pines, but its weight was still a cruel, and in all likelihood a fatal, burden for Mercy's father. Could he (Bob Duncombe) hope to lift it if he contrived to squeeze himself under it near enough to get a purchase?

"See now, Mercy," he said; "the moment you notice a chance pull him away from it. My back's a good one!"

"Are you sure you won't be killing yourself too?"

Mercy's hands were folded together, and the brave terror in her eyes as she looked up at him made her lover think for an instant of a certain Madonna on the walls of a house near Duncombe Manor.

Was it to be her lover's life for her father's, or perhaps a sacrifice of both lives?

"Oh, let me get under, too!" she cried, stooping in readiness.

"Be quiet. You must obey orders, Mercy, if we are to do anything. You've got to release him; that's enough for you, surely. There! I'm nearly under, you see, and we shall do it finely."

Bent upon her knees, Mercy watched Bob's movements with a wild beating at the heart. It was horrible to her to see the swelling of the veins upon his temples as he tried his strength now and again. And all the while her father lay still with a groan at intervals, each feebler than the last, as the blood soaked into the grass and among the needles of the pines in which his face was almost buried.

"Poor father!" she sobbed, as she cleared a space by his mouth, heedless of the blood which crimsoned her hands; and the next moment the words "Bob, dear!" broke from her lips.

"Now be ready," said Bob, when he had wormed himself within a few inches of the old man. With a mighty straining effort he managed to raise the tree a little. It was only an inch or two, but it enabled the girl to pull

her father free. Then down it sank with greater force than before, and Bob in his turn was pinned.

Not for long, however. By one effort after another, with intervals for recuperation, he worked himself away from the base of the stem until at length he could slip from under. He drew a deep breath of satisfaction, and lay quite still for a few seconds. Then he stood upon his feet and braced himself with an expression of pain, though smiling towards Mercy, whose anxiety was almost more than she could bear.

"How — is he?" asked Bob.

Ezra's head was in his daughter's lap, and very pitiful it looked in its ghastly pallor, and all the lower part of it, including the little goatee beard, red with blood.

"We want brandy and a wet sponge," said Bob. "I'll stay; I can't run."

When Mercy returned she found her lover listening intently to the low mutterings of the old man.

The brandy was administered, and the red stains were washed away, only to recur again and again.

"Courage, Mr. Tunks," whispered Bob in the wounded man's ear. "We'll soon have you all right again, never fear." But he shook his head towards Mercy.

Even the brandy did not make the words come more audibly. At least, so it seemed for many minutes. Then the eyes opened dimly, and, after much twitching of the lips, the two watchers heard, —

"Take him, my chile — I'm sorry —"

After that, a heave of the chest, a falling apart of the jaws, silence, and an opacity of the eyes that told their own tale.

"My poor little Mercy!" whispered Bob, putting his arms round her neck. "It is all over with him."

The girl did not make a fuss, but resigned herself to her lover's embrace, and cried quietly for a minute or two.

CHAPTER VI.

THUS Bob Duncombe came by his wife.

They sent for the cousin Sarah to whom Ezra Tunks had purposed banishing Mercy to be cured of her obstinacy, and that good Florida dame was only too glad to be of use in the house.

And when a fortnight had elapsed since they had laid Mr. Tunks to rest in the corner of the orange-grove whence there was the fairest view of sunny lake, blue heavens, and the farther green woods, out of which he had so manfully earned his livelihood and his daughter Mercy's fortune, they went together to Clearwater, and were duly married.

The Clearwater attorney who had charge of Mr. Tunks's affairs estimated the property to be worth about a hundred thousand dollars. He did not, however, advise realization; for the estate was of a kind that would in all probability double its value in a few years, and continue increasing in the same agreeable ratio.

They resolved, therefore, to regard Clearwater as their home. But before settling down, and to charm away the sad moods of his young bride, Bob decided upon an immediate return to England for a while.

And once in the old country again, he had the greatest pleasure in life in introducing Mercy to his father, and acquainting all whom it concerned or interested that he, for one, had not gone to Florida in vain, no matter if his prosperity was contingent upon orange-blossom rather than oranges.

From The Nineteenth Century.

"MY STAY IN THE HIGHLANDS."

ONE soft August evening, after two days' hard travelling in the train, we got out to find ourselves far north in Scotland. We had a long drive of some twelve miles, past little crofts of barley still green and meadows full of meadow-sweet, and blue with milk-wort; our route wound along a still river, gliding slowly like a silver ribbon in and out of the tranquil landscape. All was so still that a storm seemed an unimaginable, impossible thing. The

eternal hills were dressed in brilliant purple, and enshrouded in mists of blue, and lay one rising above the other on every side.

How lovely is a birch wood! The trees, nestling in amongst the fern and heather, looked almost like a grove of olives, but their boles were covered with long, hanging lichens of diaphanous grey, and the moss below them was softer than any Indian carpet. There was a great silence, and the dearth of animal life was striking—no sight of game and no song of bird—a frightened chaffinch alone crossed our path with its alternately bounding and dipping flight, and as it flew we saw the flash of its white wings, whilst a cloud of sad, drab-colored moths flitted out amidst the birch-trees at our approach. In the meadow below we saw the dun Highland cattle peacefully grazing amidst the rushes, and near the river a bit lassie in a bright kirtle and barefoot came out to drive them back to the homestead. And we, who had come from the crowded capital, felt a sense of rest and calm steal over us impossible to describe, and dream-like in its contrast to the long journey we were just ending. This sense, however, we knew, like all superlatively good things, could only be of short duration. At last we stopped at the door of a modern house that might be termed commonplace by English eyes were it not for touches in its architecture and surroundings that were entirely Scotch. There was one little tower, a miniature imitation of those at Holyrood. There was also something all un-English in the bright blue of the door-stone, freshly colored to greet us, and in the windows, all held open, to admit the air, by little pieces of wood. There were no flowers before the sitting-room windows, but Scotch firs rose amidst the heather some twenty yards to the western side of the house, also a tree, hung with bronze-tinted berries, could be seen, the well-known rowan-tree of song and legend. A month later and this fruit would vie in brilliant scarlet with the plumage of any macaw of the tropics.

As we got out of the carriage, across the ill-kept lawn there came running to greet us in tumultuous joy our favorite dogs. How glad were the faithful creatures to see us again!

Kenneth, the keeper, a giant of nearly seven feet, was waiting to receive us. There is something still feudal and stately about the Highlander; a sense of leisure and old-world courtesy distinguishes him. He seems to be free from the influences of hurry, cheap trains, advertised excursions, and co-operative prices.

There he stood, talking in his musical voice, a picture of manly grace and strength, asking no questions, but answering ours with that touch of caniness that belongs to all Scotchmen tempered by a charm of manner that is found only in races of high altitudes, and then only in those far from "the madding crowd."

The next day the old housemaid of "the Lodge," Jean, came to me, and I asked her after all the good folk of the strath. "Badly," she says, "they are ganging, for it was aye a dour winter. 'Deed, I am informed there's many of them nae but poorly, and there's many but puir forsaken critters, and times is hard." I asked if any were ill, and, according to my south-country notions of offering help, suggested that the sick should have dinners sent them from our table. But this revolted the sensitive pride of Jean, and I saw by her face that, although she believed my intentions were good, my proposal seemed to her a daft offer. At last—and oh! the process is not an easy one—I extracted from my old friend that, poor as they are, "the bit bodies would nae like to come with cans and panniers, like Gaberlunzie lassies; but if I would give each a bittie of tay and some sugar it would be mighty acceptable; for the merchandise bodie at over the shop (some seven miles away) would nae let them have tay and such lik' for naething." I accordingly fell into her plan and said that she should take them some tea, "and p'r'aps, my leddy, ye'll nae talk about it in the hous, for they lik' such dealings privy,

nae that they're unthankfu', but it's jist the bodies' way."

One day, after a very wet night and torrents of rain in the morning, I walked over the moorland and rock in the afternoon to a little rough stone and heather-covered cabin, to visit a poor girl that I had known in former years—a poor, bedridden girl who, from thirteen years old, had "just spent her time a weary waiting on her back."

It was a very primitive abode. Two or three rough ponies, hobbled before the house, followed by their foals, jumped grotesquely over the little ditch that divided the path from the moorland. There was a patch of emerald green—of turnips—that looked like an oasis in a desert, and struck a strong note of color in the picture, whilst in the distance rose the purple hills, bathed in soft clouds of vapor. Several wolfish collies rushed out to bark and show their teeth, and then disappeared through the open casement like wild beasts. After a moment or two a man came and opened the door. "Is it you, Mistress Margaret?" and he put out his hand and gave me a hearty shake. "'Deed, and I'm glad to see you."

"I have come to see Robina, your daughter, I think," I answered.

"And I'm glad to see ye; but it's never Robina that ye'll see. She left us come this June a twelvemonth. It was a weary waiting for her, puir lassie, and I'll no say that she's got to the better place, but it's weel that she was prepared."

He did not cry. There was not even a tear in his eye as he, the father, spoke. Nothing seemed to disturb him. On the contrary, David Mackay seemed, in talking of his daughter, to be borne up by a gentle satisfaction that the weary heart was resting and his tired child asleep.

As I stood and looked at the lonely landscape and at the squalid cottage, and thought of the quiet, monotonous lives of its inmates, my mind went back to the visits I had paid there in previous years.

I remembered so well seeing the poor girl lying always on her bed, and the look of the peat fire as it ascended through the hole in the roof in soft, cloudy blue smoke, whilst scones and oat-cake were being baked on a girdle. Then I would go and sit by her, on the only chair, and her mother, Jamesina Mackay, would talk in that loud, hearty way which distinguishes the "Hieland" matron, and with Eastern hospitality would put all in her cottage at my disposal.

"Is there naething her leddyship would lik' to have? We've a drap o' whiskie, and I ken, by what the gude mon says, 'tis bonnie;" and then in a lower voice she would add, "and every rason we have to know that the sperit's pure and fine."

On such occasions I would smile but decline, alleging that I had lunched only just before starting for my walk. Then my hostess would get quite grieved that I'd "no partake of onything;" but, seeing my pet mastiff, would declare that if "Mistress Margaret wid no have onything, the bonnie doggie would lik' a drink;" and so, to my dismay, and in spite of all I could say to the contrary, I would see my fat, overfed pet a second later licking up a bowl of new milk as if such a liquid ran from every burn down the hillside. After this, when the little customs and outward formalities of Highland etiquette had been observed, I would turn to Robina and read her some verses from "The Book;" and then, by her request, I would answer her many questions and tell her of the great far-off city of London—of its fair women, its gay parks, and its theatres. The last, perhaps, from a somewhat "moral five acts lecture" point of view, for I would not willingly have wounded her Calvinistic delicacy; and when I thus talked I mounted on rose-colored clouds, metaphorically speaking, and represented London as some gorgeous city of the Arabian Nights, where diamonds shone on every breast, where all the women were beautiful, and all the men brave and famous. Many were Robina's queries, and she

would often say, "Weel, and I suppose that yer leddyship will often be supping with the queen and the royal family?" At this I would laugh, and humbly have to say, "Not so often as you think, 'Bina." Then I would tell her some of the "stories" that came back to me, but only the graceful and the fair ones, for I would not have rubbed off for any gold the bloom of Robina's transparent soul, and when I went I left her thinking that the world of fashion was a fair world, and in that great town so far away from the heather and the pine woods all the laughter there was guiltless of tears, the entertainments unmingled pleasures, and "ennui" a word unknown. "'Tis better hearing you tell than reading books," once Robina had said to me, a pink flush mantling her pale cheeks; "but go on, Mistress Margaret, go on."

As I stood outside the cabin door thinking of all this and of poor Robina, who is now but a gentle memory, David Mackay held out his hand again and pressed mine, and with a "Good-bye, Mistress," I left him and retraced my steps in silence to the Lodge.

It was getting late, and the blues and purples were dying out of the sky, soft lavender-grey clouds rested upon the hills and enveloped the woods. Innumerable and minute rain-drops lay upon the grass and sparkled faintly on the red hairs of the sun-dew, the bent grass of the moorland lay sodden, and the grey sky was reflected sadly in the peat-water pools of the moorland. Running up against the horizon I saw an endless line of fir-posts and wire fencing to keep the sheep and cattle out from a young plantation. How sad this fence looked! It was only placed there a few years ago, and yet each post had grown grey with lichen, whilst the wire was brown and rusty with the everlasting mists and rains. In these great solitudes the work of man seemed so trivial, so passing, so infinitely sad and feeble, that I hurried on to escape its depressing influences. The evening seemed all unreal in its great stillness and grey sad coloring.

I saw no live creature, and as I walked I felt as if I were moving amongst the shades in the old Norse land of shadows, no sound greeted my ears but the melancholy calling of the whaups as they flew high in the heavens above the Kyle. As I walked along by one little pool I saw a grouse's feather and noted the track of a stag. My dog Brenda sniffed excitedly, but in a few moments followed me again sedately at my heels. I paused for her to rejoin me, and as I did so stooped to fill my hands with branches of the sweet bog myrtle, which scented them with a wild, aromatic fragrance.

I reached the Lodge in a frame of gentle melancholy, and found myself in the evening alone with Jean, who is too old, she tells me, to wish "to gang about lik' the lassies," for she says there are "nae lassies left now for courtin' in the strath. When they're turned fifteen they all gae to Glasgie or Edinburgh, and it's only the auld and the sad that come back to die in their Hieland glen." The population of these mountain villages is dying out, and every decade one or more of the old rough stone and heather cabins falls into utter decay and the gowans grow where once ascended the peat fire. Before the Sutherland evictions on the east coast many of the poor folk used in winter time to camp out on the sands of the sea-lochs and live for months on the shellfish that they could find. Heaps of broken shells can still be seen, and this is the history of their origin. But this was when the people of the Highlands were much more numerous than they are at present. Now the younger generation are beginning to lose the old terror of change, and seek, and often make, their fortunes south.

In talking to Jean I made inquiries after the new minister. Our old minister, Mr. Cameron, died last winter from inflammation of the lungs caught in visiting "a puir bodie" when the snow was on the ground, and when the east wind blew with the sharpness of a knife over the moorlands and swept down the narrow gorges.

"Deed, but he seems a vera dacent mon," said Jean, "and his wife is nae but a tidy bodie. He fetched her back from Ameriky, and we were nae that plazed at first, for we fashed oursels wie thinking it might be some hathenish bodie that wad be comin' to settle among us."

"Eh! but Mr. Cameron's no lik' to be found again!" exclaimed Jean in one of her rare fits of enthusiasm. "He was so douce, but he spoke the Word and knew the Spirit. Mony's the time he would come and gie a bit tappit wi' his stick agin the kitchen door and I wud let him in, and it was allus an hour and a bittie that he wud stop and stand prayin' wid me. Auch! and glad it was I was to see him, for when yer leddyship and the family's gone, lonesome and bad it is in the long winter days. For the cold then is dour, and the damp comes in from the outside and freezes in icicles, and I can only stand the cold when I gang into the gentry's apartments by putting cotton-wool down me back and tying a linsey-woolsey petticoat about me shoulders, and this jist keeps me from perishin'."

"Do you then, Jean, see nobody?" I asked.

"Na, I'll no exacy say that," she answered, "but mony's the time when the postman is the only bodie that I'll see from one lang day to anither; and then there's white days," she added grimly.

"White days?" I repeated inquiringly.

"Ay, white days, when there's naught but snow and ice. Last year mony was the day when I went out of the house to the well and broke the ice with an axe."

"And what do you do all those long, weary days?" I asked.

"Jest cook my dinner, sew a bittie, and read the Word."

"Don't you feel eerie and lonely at nights?"

"Only sad," was her answer, "nae uncanny, for I banish from my mind, when I'm by mysel', all ungodly thoughts of witches and white lights,

and sich lik'! 'Tis best, 'tis best." Thus speaking, Jean left me.

When she was gone, kindly memories of good Mr. Cameron of the Free Kirk returned to me. He was one of those hale, hearty men, religious, but with a strong sense of humor, very human in his sympathies, and who looked a few years ago likely to have lived through many a summer and winter. But fate decreed it otherwise, and he died last winter.

I remembered so well the excellent man's long grace, in which special and reverent thanks were expressed for the pineapple and other hothouse fruit; and how, at the close of dinner, the conversation having grown general, and some one having started spiritualism as a subject for discussion, we all began to ask each other whom individually we should like best to recall and invite to dinner. Some one named Socrates, another Napoleon, a third Shakespeare, a fourth Voltaire, then, turning to Mr. Cameron, we waited for his answer.

"Weel, I think I would lik' to meet Isaiah — Isaiah was a grand man." As he spoke, something of the rough grandeur of the old Covenanters seemed to pass into his face, and a picture rose before me of perilous meetings where the Faithful had met together amidst the caves and mountain fastnesses of their wild country.

Poor Mr. Cameron! We were destined never again to hear his long but pious benediction, nor his kindly laugh. He married a bride from sunny, smiling Golspie, and one summer afternoon he brought her to call upon us and "drink tea." He showed her off with honest, simple pride. He seemed so proud of her that I remember he almost appeared to think that he and she were the first that had ever "gone and got married," as the children say, and now their little short day-dream is quite over, and he sleeps beneath the green grass in the lonely hillside churchyard. That little God's-acre stands far away from all habitation of man, with four rowan-trees, one planted at each corner. There no sound greets the ear of

the solitary wanderer but the roar of the stream as it dashes down in white torrents after a storm, or its gentle murmur as it trickles softly over grey boulders like a silver thread during summer droughts.

His wife, I heard, nursed him devotedly, and followed him to his last resting-place, and then one grey February day, when all was ended, and when the land seemed ice-bound, and all the world seemed covered with a mantle of snow, left for her own home, where she lives with her widowed mother.

Some days later it was the Sabbath. It was one of those still, beautiful days, when the habitual grey, subdued coloring of Scotland changes for the jubilant wealth of the Riviera. The birches seemed bathed in an atmosphere of ethereal blue, and the mountains all lay in clouds of blue, whilst the river pursued its course, resembling a string of brilliant sapphires—all was color of the brightest kind. Even the slate roof of the little white manse on the hilltop flashed blue. It seemed so fair a day that nothing appeared quite real. All nature seemed under a magician's wand.

We filed in at eleven to our little familiar family prayers—that is to say, all the household but Jean, who, in spite of the heat, had started away an hour ago to attend the service at the kirk. "For, saving your leddyship's presence, I'd no lik' to imperil my soul wid ony act of idolatry," she had once said to me when I had begged her to stay and pray with us rather than take a long walk to the kirk in drenching rain.

The next day, Monday, was the day of the sports, a great holiday and fête.

The strath games are held in a meadow sheltered by the hills, and all the villagers for miles round attend "the competitions." It was an exquisitely mild day, with none of the glory of Sunday. Little islands of tender blue in grey and white clouds could be seen in the sky. The glass spoke hopefully, and so about two o'clock we all started from the Lodge. The children and Smith, our English nurse, looking

severe but not openly hostile, proceeded first. They were solemnly driven forth by a gillie in the old tax-cart, a vehicle guiltless of springs, but over the flat this conveyance moves with a regular swing that, when once one is accustomed to, is found to possess for its occupant a certain rhythmic and soothing effect. The children I saw were clad in their Sunday best. Great had been the fuss and flurry over the arrangement; buttoning and pinning of smart clothes. But now, in spite of this past time of affliction, joy reigned again, and three happy little faces beamed upon me. Tommy, proud as a king, had been allowed to sit up by the driver, and held the whip. We followed on to the meadow, about a mile away. As we walked along, Harry and I saw little groups of barefooted lads and lassies, in company with their parents, sitting by the roadside. They were putting on their boots and stockings. We also saw a Highland maiden or two, back for a holiday from Glasgie or Edinburgh, drawing out a smart hat from a neatly pinned kerchief. The Scotch have something of the thrift of our French neighbors. They like to appear at their festivities "gay and bonnie," but "are canny, canny a' the wheel," and will not allow their best clothes and headgear to be spoiled if the day has the misfortune to turn a "bit saft."

We all took a place, sitting on the soft, mossy turf of the meadow, with here and there the heather growing in patches. The yellow hawkweed blossoms pierced through the grass and glittered in the field like stars, and grey boulders projected out of the ground covered with grey lichen or dry moss. All the Highland folk were there, sitting gravely round in a great circle, and taking their pleasure with a sense of responsibility as befitted regular attendants of the kirk.

Amongst the "various exhibitions" there was the throwing of the caber, and then races were run by the boys and the men; there was a "tug of war," sword-dances, and last, matches on the pipes.

Little Alec, the third son of our gillie, danced the national dance as lightly as a fairy, and was dressed in the most charming of little suits made and woven by his grandmother, old Erppy. I was told afterwards it was made of the purest wool, and dyed by herbs dug out from the moorland. As the afternoon wore on, the good people grew a little enthusiastic from time to time, but always remained "vera dacent" and decorous in their enjoyments. A little make-believe shower fell, but the sun shone all the while, and in spite of Smith's saying sternly that she knew those "dear" children would be wetted to their skins, we sat on tranquilly, and saw the white pebbles of the path and the little pieces of quartz in the grey boulders glisten like jewels.

Suddenly I turned round, for I heard Tommy say in a squeaky voice, which he tried vainly to throw into his boots, "The devil is beating his wife." "Hush, hush, Master Thomas," Smith answered in a scandalized voice, "who taught you such dreadful things?" "I should say my father," said Tom, attempting grandly to assume the manners of a gentleman at large, and speaking with an offhand callousness which evidently appeared to himself simply superb. "I heard that remark from my father," he added. "Your papa, Master Thomas, is a gentleman, but it never does for little boys to copy gentlemen or members of Parliament," was Smith's crushing rebuke.

Somehow Smith is of opinion that any mention of his Satanic majesty is impious and, even worse, improper, except by orthodox divines, who do it as their business, and then in sermons on Sunday. After this little episode Tommy collapsed, and my attention was diverted by piper after piper being marshalled up before me. They strutted round me like gamecocks in their glory as they played warlike marches and airs of Jacobite chivalry.

In giving the prizes I was informed great consideration should be bestowed on the manner and bearing of the musicians.

"There is much to consider in their gait and whether they hold themselves fine," said one of the spectators, who had taken upon himself to laden me with showers of advice, so that, to use his own phrase, "there might be strict equity in the competeeetions."

As they played, in spite of my English blood, I cannot deny that there was something grand and heroic in the wailing of the pipes when heard thus in their own country and played by Highlanders. The remark of a distinguished officer came back to me: "There is no music like the bagpipes," he had said one day, "to bring men into action." As I listened I felt something of the martial ardor, and I seemed to hear in the strange, wild sounds of the pipes aspirations for vengeance and cries of victory.

When the prizes were awarded to the men and the boys, their mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives appeared to the front, and vied with each other in a competition of scones, oat-cake, and butter.

And very delicious all the good things looked, lying in large baskets and surrounded by the whitest of white napkins. At length even their prizes were awarded, and all the Highland world rose one by one and followed each other out of the meadow into the highroad. As they went they talked gently, and the soft accents of their Highland English seemed to melt in the soft air and harmonize with the sylvan scenery.

The next day I was told by Jean "that a bit bodie wished to spake" with me. I found waiting to see me a tidy old woman with a white cap and a Shetland shawl across her shoulders, whilst in her hands she carried a basket.

"I have brought her leddyship a trifle," she said, a smile lighting up her kind old face. As she spoke she opened her basket and drew forth a pair of miniature stockings. "These are for your bonnie lad," she said, and handed them to me. As I took them I thanked her warmly.

I remembered, two years ago, hearing that Anna Christina, as she is

called, was ill. I walked several times to see her at her lonely cottage on the hillside, and brought her at those times soup and jellies. The good soul, although very poor, could not rest without bringing me a gift as an acknowledgment of mine in the past. The Highland folk are very proud and very generous. From an inner depth of her basket she brought out a packet neatly wrapped round in paper. "This is her leddyship's vest of the skirt she was gude eno' to present me this summer twa year agin. It's nae that I can wear it mysel', as it's too sma', so I'm of opinion that it's best to return it to her leddyship's sel', for I couldna bestow it," she added, "on any of the lassies, it being a gift."

In the evening arrived our budget of letters, as is often the way of Scotch posts. A few minutes afterwards, Smith suddenly appeared in my sitting-room with a face of real sorrow, to tell me that she had just received a sad letter in which she had learnt of her old mother's death. At the same time she said that she must hurry back to help her old father, who is an undergardener to a magnate in one of the southern counties. "What a good soul Smith is," I reflected to myself, "in spite of her high temper, and every-day unlovableness!" I knew that for a long time her savings had all gone to pay the doctor's bill, and to give her mother, who for years has been an invalid, such little luxuries as her father could not afford to buy out of his scanty wages.

But then one of the great world riddles is, that the really heroic actions are done by the tiresome, crusty, mediocre people, who speak with sharp tongues and do gentle deeds. "My experience of archangels is, they generally drive in growlers, and have very commonplace surroundings," a lady once said to me.

The following morning the "machine" arrived from the little town some nine miles away, and I saw Smith depart, full of tender thoughts and injunctions for the welfare of the children in her absence.

"What can we do now?" said the children, as we returned to the house. I suggested a match of soap-bubbles, as the day looked cloudy. The little ones, in order to carry out my suggestion, tore up-stairs. I retired, in the mean time, to my sitting-room, and began to answer some letters. Presently my correspondence was interrupted by screams of joyous laughter and the shrill high tones of good-natured Lucy, who was certainly improving the shining hour by playing as noisily as possible in the absence of Grimaldin Smith.

I ran to the window and saw outside eight of the keeper's children, bare-legged but glowing with health, and looking like illustrated specimens of some special advertised food. Above, from the nursery windows, with the slate roof projecting below, was going on the great operation of blowing soap-bubbles. I heard Hector, the fourth son of our gillie, call gaily to my Geraldine, "Eh, Gerry, blow us anither doun the slids."

Then there was a flash of a hundred lovely iridescent colors, and then the ball-like transparency vanished into air. This went on merrily till the rain suddenly fell in deluges, and I heard the closing of the window above, and saw the whole throng of little McCleods, amphibious as they generally were, scuttle home helter-skelter to the "keeper hous."

At this little episode I could not refrain from laughter, and I found myself wondering what Smith would do or say if she knew of this invasion.

During our stay at Auchnaroy, Smith had sternly forbidden any intercourse between the "bits laddies and lassies" of the country and my children.

To a south-country, respectable, well-regulated mind like hers, the contemplation of bare legs and feet was not a source of interest or beauty. Smith, in her angular virtue, has no corners for artistic susceptibilities to hide. The eight little children of our gillie were, in her eyes, "common, nasty, dirty little things, to be kept in their proper place"—i.e., as far as possible from

the young lady and gentleman, and entirely exiled from the presence of the "blessed baby." Yet hardly had my stern disciplinarian disappeared, when, by silent accord, the children had all agreed to fraternize.

"Somehow, dear good soul," I said to myself as I took up my pen, "her absence is very refreshing." Like "blue-china," Smith is hard to live up to, and now that she was gone the house seemed full of a delightful moral atmosphere of cheery *laissezaller* and innocent *dévergondage*. In the afternoon I noticed a general tone of emancipation: Gerry wore no gloves, and Tommy's pocket bulged out, I found, with illicit sweets; besides which he was sick in the evening from visiting too zealously the gooseberry bushes in the kale-yard. Baby's tongue also wagged more freely, and Lucy was all blushes when I passed her in the dusk, having met Hughie "quite by accident."

Kenneth McCleod, our head gillie, has two little girls. Owing to Smith's departure they now came freely and purred round Gerry, they admired her clothes, but they adored her boots—at least one pair of yellow gymnastic shoes. On fine days, I am told, Elspie Christina, the eldest, goes to kirk, for her grandmother gave her last Christmas a pair of boots, but Johan Maggie can nae gae west on Sabbath morns with the rest of her family, for as yet that young person is bootless, "and gret would be her shame," Mrs. McCleod informed her, "if her lassie went different lik' from the ither bairns. 'Deed, I wud be thinking she said the discoorse, and her prayers would nae benefit her soul, for there'd be nae bodie in the strath but what wud ken of her state, and I'm thinking it wud be dour even for the mercy of God to penetrate to her in such a condition." But if Elspie and Johan have ta'en upon themselves the voluntary office of ladies-in-waiting to Gerry, they will in no wise allow Hector or Alec to enter the royal service as pages of the household. When these poor little fellows attempt to join in their games or amuse-

ments they scream out, "Git back to the hous" in precisely the same rough, uncompromising voice that their father employs when they attempt to follow his footsteps to the gun-room.

One day the two lassies followed Gerry out walking. They came to a turning in the wood and pointed to a rather solitary-looking path. "You'd no lik' to gang there by yersel," said Johan.

"Why?" inquired Gerry.

"Eh, yer might meet a tramp or a sarpent, I'm thinking," at which remark the three little things took fright like three colts and dashed homewards.

A few days ago one of our guests went off in "the machine" covered snugly up with rugs. The nose of his purchase, a pepper-and-salt Scotch terrier, peeped shyly out from amidst a heap of gun-cases and fishing-rods.

I was told Captain Hartley had bought the little dog from Alec, the little hero of the sword-dance, for 1*l*. The little boy could not resist the temptation of what appeared to him unlimited wealth. His father, with strict rectitude, had bidden him to consider well before deciding. The child meanwhile had consented, dazed by the sight of the gold coin, to sell his friend, but the night before our guest departed the poor little fellow's affection for his dog revived, and he had wished himself out of his bargain. His father, however, sternly forbade him to go back: "You maun bide your word, mon," he had said.

So "Bodhach" had gone off the next morning to be a lady's pet, whilst poor little Alec had crept away amongst the heather to cry his heart out.

Alec's elder brother Angus is studiously inclined. His good people are pinching themselves and denying themselves what we should term every comfort so that one day they may realize their highest aspiration, to be the parents of a "minister." One winter night, when, as his mother told me, "we was al' having a bit crack round the fire, his fayther said to him, 'Angus, mon, if ye could hae your heart's desire, what wud it be?' 'Well,' he

answered, 'it wud be jist all the books from out the big hous,' meaning our lodge.

Angus has a sweet, wistful face, with a smile as of something distant, a far-off look in his eyes.

"It's nae much he's worth in the management of dogs, I'm thinking," his father once reported to me, "but it's in the bouks he puts his mind." He will sit for hours on the green slope of some hill reading aloud from "Paradise Lost" and glorying in the majesty of the great poet's noble verse, "and it's nae carnal lust that I can find in that printed paper," said his old grandmother one day to me, pointing to the tattered copy of the great poem. Being a strict Puritan, Erppy declares that there are many publications in these latter days, "but they maistly lead to the deil."

The Highlanders of the older generation are a simple race, not given to sight-seeing, and little versed in new ways or new things. It was only the other day that I was sternly rebuked by an "auld bodie" riding along the mountain track on a rough beastie of the Rory Bean kind. He thought that the popgun held by Tommy, and which that young person was firing with caps, was capable of dealing out death to himself and to the owner of the weapon in question. "It's a fine lad," he said severely, "but it's nae lang ye'll kep him, or ither folk beside, if ye let him gang about wi' sich bloody weapons." It was in vain I tried to persuade my acquaintance that Tommy held but a harmless toy. "I'll nae belief that fire can come from a bauble," he said, as he rode away. The children in the Highlands hardly eat any meat. Even the men eat it but rarely. One of the crofters said to our cook, "I dinna lik' it saft as the Saxons eat it, but when I do git it I lik' to feel that there's wark for the teeth and a bit of a grit-like for the jaws."

About a fortnight before we left Auchnaroy I asked Jean what kind of little fete would be most liked to be given by us before our departure south.

I suggested fireworks as something

new and out of the commonplace run of northern village festivities. As I spoke, however, I saw that my suggestion was not altogether sympathetic to my old friend. At last she answered slowly: "I'll nae sae, your leddyship, that such exhibitions are altogether sinfu', but I'd no lik' to see fiery furnaces sent fleeing up at night in the face of Providence." As such was her opinion, I mused it might be shared by others, so Harry and I, after talking the matter over, decided we would restrain ourselves to a large village children's tea, which, we hoped, could be given without giving offence to anybody.

The next day I was greeted by Jean in the morning by, "Has your leddyship heard of the sad news at Invergrecht?" (the next lodge west of ours).

"No," was my answer.

"Then I am told that yesterday a terrible shooting accident took place. The gentlemen were jist shooting at the back of the plantation, I was informed, on the east march, when a son of Mr. Humphrey, 'Young Georgie,' the bonnie lad that cam' and drunk tea with your leddyship and carried Miss Gerry on his back last week, got shot by his ain brother.

"One laddie is eno' when it's the guns the lads are holding, I'm thinking," said Jean philosophically, "so the puir laddie gave a kind of screech and fell back into the arms of Angus Munro, and his clothes, puir lad, were red, they said, as if ye had soiled them with a pail of blood.

"They brought him to the house of Lenna of the black rock. It's nae gude reputation that she has; Black Witch says some, and some a puir, harmless, crack-brained bodie, that's got nae English. I'll nae decide, for 'tis best to leave the discovery of sich questions to the God that made the bodie. But when they brought her the puir gentleman they had quite a job to find a clout to stop the blood; but what troubled Lenna mair than a' else when she saw the lad was like to gae was jist that he could only speak English. She said

to Angus in her ain tongue, 'Jist on the brink of eternity and nae word of Gaelic to get to Heaven.'"

A fit of tremulous laughter seized me in spite of my sorrow for my poor neighbor. But I turned away, not to let Jean see my face, for, in spite of her stern exterior, Jean's tender heart was grieving for bonnie Georgie Humphrey.

A few days later I drove over to Robin McClean, some fifteen miles off from our lodge, and in Sutherlandshire. Robin lives near Lairg. As I drove in the old tax-cart, with the fat black pony Tidy in the shafts, I felt as if I had gone back to the early days of this century, for I was to see a loom worked by hand and in a cottage. The night before old Erppy came to me and brought me some patterns of soft greys and of rich orange tints in the purest of woollen materials. "'Tis nae that I wud na weave a suit for your leddyship," she said, "but I'm grown uncertain with the rheumatics, and there is a bit bodie over the river east that canny with his hands, and I'm thinking, too, that he's worthy of the Lord's blessing, for it's gude he is to his auld mither, now I mind me." So the next day I started according to her directions. We drove, a "garson" and myself, and we were followed by a wolf-like collie, who jumped over the walls whenever we passed a cart, "to kep clear of stunes" as my informant told me.

As I mounted the hill I drove very slowly, for the pony was allowed to choose her own pace, and, "'deed, she'll no hurry without the whipie" was a true saying of the "garson's" as regarded Tidy.

We climbed silently up long hills; every now and then we passed a field of ripening barley or a patch of grass gray with canary-colored blossom of that unloved flower known in Scotland by the name of "stinking Willie." After several hours of driving we stopped at a house built all of granite, with three steps before it leading down to the road. "'Tis here you'll find the mon that works fine at the loom," said my

guide. I knocked at the door and was admitted by an old woman, who I saw understood with difficulty what I said, and turned evidently for all particulars about me from my little companion. Apparently she was satisfied by what he said, for her manner promptly changed from a questioning hostility to a tone of great courtesy as she showed me into her house.

"It's my son that you'll be wanting, my leddy," she said; "he is a fine diligent worker at the loom, and, 'deed, 'tis naething but the mercy of God that I have so gude a laddie." A few seconds later, and she informed me that he would be with me "in a moment if her leddyship wud tak' a chair." I looked round and saw a room furnished in a more English style than I had hitherto seen any in the Highlands. There were some old-fashioned prints hung round the room, whilst there was a table covered with patterns of the "Home Industries" and a flute on the mantelshelf. I had heard from Erppy, our gillie's mother, that Robin was an excellent son. He had lived some years in "Glasgie," and was doing well as a confectioner, when his old father died, and left his old, infirm mother with no one else to take care of. Robin thereupon wrote to her, asking her to come and live with him in the big town, and keep his house for him whilst he made the cakes and looked after his little shop. But the old lady wrote back that she "cud nae part with the hills, and that it wud just kill her to live anywhere but in her ain strath."

He did not argue with her, but just sold his shop and came back and kept the "bit bodie" and took again to the management of his loom. He never spake, said Erppy (my informant), of any disappointment whatever, "but I think, for all he said little, he felt it fine, for the lass he was courtin' wud nae be plagued to kep his company as man and wife up in the hills, so far away from kith and kin."

"And so he lost her?" I inquired. "Weel, I'll no say that he didna," added Erppy, "but I'm thinking there's

plenty mair," she said philosophically, "and 'tis best for lik' to marry lik'."

After a few moments the door opened and Robin McClean entered, a tall young fellow, some twenty-six years of age. He met me with the grave courtesy of a Highlander and showed me his woollen stuffs, but in showing them there was nothing of the shopman about him. He never pressed me to buy anything, but showed me his materials quite simply, with an air of high-bred equality. After making my purchases I asked if I might see the loom. He thought for a moment, and then answered: "If her leddyship will wait a bittie I will bring her;" so saying he left me.

As he closed the door I heard an altercation go on in Gaelic between mother and son. The old woman's tones rose into a high treble. Dolenda, as I afterwards heard she was called, was evidently having a difference with her son. At last, however, her voice ceased, and I was conducted to a large room on the ground-floor adjoining the living part of the house, where the loom was domiciled. I entered, and then guessed what "the words" had been over. Hanging up from the ceiling was a skinned and freshly killed sheep, covered up by a delicate fine white damask cloth. Obviously it was thought by Robin that the sight of the corpse would have disgusted me; and, in spite of his mother's expostulations, the son had yelled it from my eyes.

The "murder" had certainly been very recently committed, for the knife lay close by, and each time part of the loom moved in working, the vibrations caused in the room shook drops of blood upon the floor.

I was much struck by the delicacy of my host, who, although living the roughest of lives, still instinctively knew and paid homage to my feelings.

The Scotch Highlander comes of a proud race. When a crofter kills a sheep, he never sells what he does not want for his own use, but gives away to his friends and neighbors the remainder.

The minister of Robin's parish, I heard, does not enjoy the respect and affection of his people. Some years ago he was burnt in effigy by his parishioners, on account of a book he had written on the Crofter Question, in which, apparently, he was not successful in enlisting the sympathy of his poorer neighbors.

Erppy Mackay has since told me that Mr. — "is nae respeckit by his people or his elders," for he is grievously smitten with "the Genesis Depravity Disease;" in other words, I gleaned that he shared the views of Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch, which so far have not been embraced by Highland congregations.

At last the day arrived fixed for the village children's fête. It was a lovely afternoon; all the children of the neighborhood—some hundred boys and girls—were invited, and such of the fathers and mothers who cared to see their children play were begged also to be present.

Harry and his friends good-naturedly forswore their sport, and for one day promised to be happy without killing something.

Punctual to the hour fixed, the children arrived with their "dominie" and the girls with their mistress, Eila Paul—the last a sad, gentle-looking little woman, who, I was afterward told, "cud speak foreign tongues, and was weel acquaint with the doings of hathenish bodies." She had tender, melancholy eyes that seemed full of soul, and although "jest a girl herself," appeared to have a sensitive maternal love in speaking to her children that evidently awoke in some of them a vague response of passionate devotion.

"She's mair to them than mony a mither," said Erppy, watching the schoolmistress, "and she's a strange manner of finding for the Lord, and it's a' by love."

The parents, curiously enough, seemed even more numerous than the children, but we did not make any inquiries, as I was assured that there was plenty of cake and tea for all.

Two pipers preceded the procession, playing gaily, and a vision of Browning's weird story crossed my mind. However, unlike the victims of the Piper of Hamelin, my little guests were able to stop at my door, where Harry and myself and all our party were drawn up in a line to receive them.

There was a little pause, the pipes stopped droning, and breaking out of the line, a middle-aged, stout woman advanced to Tomkins, our irreproachable, somewhat splendid butler, and said, "She wud lik' to speak to her leddyship's sel'." Tomkins politely bowed, and acquainted me with the fact in his smoothest tones, saying "that a person wished to speak to me." On hearing this I stepped forward, and asked the woman what I could do for her.

"'Deed, my leddy," she replied, "I have cum to excuse mesel'." She spoke in a loud, distinct voice. "Be-ing," she continued, "as I'm, the 'Lyin-in Woman' of the Strath, and holding, your leddyship, a responsible position, having seen so many bairns cum into the wairld; so, although having had nae invitation mesel', I have made so bold as to be present at the grand festivity to-day. I wud'na have lik'd," she added with a grand gesture, "to have brought my excuses to any but her leddyship's sel', for in me intention there was nae impoliteness." Harry and his friends giggled, and Tomkins blushed like a peony. Happily, however, the pipes immediately struck up such a booming and a buzzing that all further talk was impossible. Then began a series of games, in which my children, owing to Smith's absence, took an animated part. There were tugs of war, sugarplum scrambles, sack-races, and other delights. In the sack-races the active little things, as one lady said, ran like hares. All the children came in boots "to honor the occasion," I was informed. But somehow, when the games began, all the boots were taken off in a twinkling. I was much struck by the great simplicity and a certain grand old-world courtesy in their manners. They were

quite free from all servility; all the while they paid me deference but respected themselves, and preserved a tone of graceful equality.

The pipers at the close would not receive any gratuity for their services. "We have just come to spend the afternoon with the bairns," was their answer, "and there is nothing due."

There was no gormandizing at the tea. Everybody ate what they wanted, but no child or parent surreptitiously hid slices of cake or attempted to pocket any spoil from the feast.

At the end of all things, the dominie, a lean, somewhat pompous "bodie," collected an audience round him and tendered thanks to us on behalf of the children and the parents. Harry jerked out a few sentences in reply, but very shyly, as an Englishman always does; for returning thanks has always a most distressing influence upon an Englishman's eloquence.

Then the pipes sounded again in martial strain and led the little procession. The children and the parents, with a little murmur of thanks as they passed me, fell into order, and without any fuss and with perfect discipline walked down the drive and so vanished out of sight.

At last came the day for our departure — a grey, still day, soft and subdued in coloring. "The machine" drove up to the door with a great crunching of gravel. Then we all took our places, and Tommy's face radiated with joy on hearing he might go and sit by the driver. There was a running to and fro, a calling and screaming. My umbrella was nearly forgotten, and the necessary luncheon basket was all but left behind.

But eventually, in spite of all mishaps and rural confusion on the part of English servants and Highland retainers, we got under way. As I turned round to get a last sight of the Lodge, surrounded by its Scotch firs, and with its long stretches of heather and grass in the distance, I saw the little McCleods and the gillies waving their caps and handkerchiefs. Then we passed the corner, and "the machine"

pursued its course along the wild valley. The sun peeped through the grey clouds at intervals in a soft, regretful way, and its rays lighted up here and there the red trunks of the Scotch firs. The spike-like leaflets of these trees recalled the color of the Atlantic far out at sea, only that they were powdered by a silver sheen.

By the track-side there was still a fringe of grey mauve—the marsh scabious. The last flower of the year was still flowering feebly, in spite of the night frosts.

Now and then a rabbit scuttled across our path, and flashed his little white scut as he vanished in the brushwood, and here and there my eyes lighted on the brilliant scarlet fungi that grow at the foot of the birch-trees.

We heard from time to time the echoing sound of a shot, which carried from hill to hill, and resounded down the valley.

For about a mile we drove through a great tract of burnt wood of young Scotch firs. The leaves had not fallen off the dead trees, but remained on, of a warm, reddish-brown color; but the posts that ran alongside of the pathway were charred and black. It was a sad and sullen sight, and was the result of a careless spring burning of the heather. We drove on through this dead vegetation. All was silent, save for a chill breeze that mournfully stirred the lifeless trees and shivered along the dead, yellow bent-grass that had grown high and thick in the summer. The place, in its desolation, seemed almost a valley of death. No sound greeted our ears but the murmur of the river below and the crunching of the pebbles under the horse's feet. The children crept closer to me as I drew the shawls and wraps tightly round them.

When we cleared the melancholy wood and gained the main road, occasionally a cart laden with "peats" and the horse decorated with a head-collar that might have come from Normandy passed us. A barelegged child with a cow, or a boy riding a pony, went by and vanished up some lonely hill track.

At last our long drive came to an end, and we reached the little station.

In a few minutes the train puffed in, and we took our places. Tommy called out for luncheon: "I is so hungry," he cried out. Gerry, only a year older, but much wiser, retorted: "Greedy boy, you must wait." Then there followed a running to and fro, a presentation of grouse to the station-master on our part, and all the while a ripple of chatter and laughter from the fish-girls who stood on the platform barelegged, their creels on their backs, but merry and full of chaff, waiting for the next train and watching us.

Then the train moved off, quite gently, as if travelling was a solemn, serious business—nothing jaunty, and with no ungodly speed. The guard gravely whistled, and our heads were turned southward. I sat looking back at the sweet, silent country, with the long stretches of rush-grown meadows and moorlands, broken here and there by the little white houses of the crofters and lilliputian patches of oats and barley. "What a gentle time of rest and quiet I have had," I said to myself as the familiar view vanished from my eyes and I realized that I was returning to busy England. A fuller life lay before me in the future, it was true; but as the train sped on I knew that I left the Highlands and the dear people who live there not without a tender regret and a great longing to return and live amongst them again next year.

CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

A MOSAIC FACTORY.

MOSAIC work—the mosaic which comes not from Moses but from the Muses, and would be more appropriately called *musaic*—is one of the oldest of the decorative arts. It seems to have been practised by nearly all civilized nations past or present. It came from the East to Greece; from Greece it made its way to Italy, where it flourished amazingly, chiefly on the pavements; by the Romans it was taken

much about the world, among other places to Constantinople, where it became a peculiarly Christian practice for the ornamentation of church walls; and thence it returned to Rome as Byzantine or "Greek" work to yield the marvellous decorations which are among the best-known of the imperial city's treasures. The mosaics of St. Peter's are famous the world over, and for years there has been a mosaic factory on the roof of the cathedral. But we need not go so far afield as to St. Peter's to learn how mosaic is made, when we have a factory much closer home—in Battersea, to wit—where everything from the preliminary design to the completed picture is a local product, with no foreigner having a hand in it from start to finish.

There are many sorts of mosaic, as there are of all inlaid work. There is a mosaic of indurated bricks; there is the old paving mosaic of stone cubes; there is the Florentine mosaic of stone and shell cut to shape and inlaid in marble slabs, the mosaic that was set up by Austin de Bordeaux, in the Taj Mahal at Agra, and thence spread over India. There is the Roman mosaic, mostly made of glass, which ranges from an heroic picture on a wall to a tiny landscape in a finger-ring, and which can even be made microscopic by the glass being laid together in bars like the slips of wood in Tunbridge Wells ware, and drawn out under the influence of heat until, like a wire, it becomes as thin as a silk thread, from which the little tablets are cut off in sections with a pattern on them so minute that it requires a magnifying glass to admire them with. There is St. Petersburg mosaic, made entirely of glass, which is manufactured in the imperial factories there; there is the Paris mosaic of an almost identical material; and, in fact, when we speak of mosaic nowadays, we either mean marble mosaic built up of irregular cubes, or this more customary vitreous mosaic, which is of a much more lasting and brilliant character.

In Rust's vitreous mosaic, as made at Battersea and extensively used in

our newer public buildings, the basis is broken glass, and the finished material is not unlike the opaque Egyptian stuff which has been known in the arts for over five thousand years. There has been glass in Egypt for ages continuously—in the days of the Fatimite caliphs even the coins were made of glass—and the translucent vessels represented on the Egyptian tombs three thousand and more years before Christ are of the oldest glass known in the world, dating, indeed, much farther back than those fabulous Phœnicians whom Pliny silyly says "are rumored" to have achieved a physical impossibility on the sands below Mount Carmel; and which Phœnicians, without their qualifying introduction, have found their way into many books to figure in solemn earnest as glass's first discoverers.

For white mosaic only broken opal is used as a base; but for any other color any glass will do—rough or clear, plate, sheet, or flint, plain, or stained. The treatment for all is the same, but, to avoid confusion, we will for the moment betake us to Battersea Park Road and follow the opal track with Mr. John Moore for our guide.

The opal is brought to the works in barrow-loads by dealers, who make a profit at both ends, being generally paid for removing it as waste, and always paid for delivering it as "cullet." It consists of broken gas-globes, lampshades, and shop tablets, familiar enough for its pleasing appearance and liability to breakage, and owing its color to aluminate of soda, or arsenious acid, or perhaps cryolite, or whatever may be the latest device for cheaply producing a glass that resembles white porcelain in everything but fracture.

This opal cullet when required for use is carefully washed and picked over to eliminate every piece that may have a vestige of color on it, and it is then entrusted to the tender mercies of a grinding mill, on much the same lines as a mincing machine. This mill, which is driven by a gas engine, consists essentially of a hopper, into which the cullet is thrown; a revolving set of

knives by which it is minced; and a shoot through which it is delivered. The knives are fixed in a wheel as if they were the rays of a star, and are bars of hard steel about six inches long, oblong in section, which are expected to grind up ten tons of metal before they are reduced to uselessness in the form of rounded spikes like the teeth of a harrow. The glass is ground by them into a coarse, irregular, flaky powder, fine enough to stand mixture with silver sand and give a homogeneous, glassy jelly when fused with it in the fervent heat of the melting-pot. The powdered cullet is mixed with the silver sand, from which all trace of iron has been washed away, in a sort of baker's trough; and with it is blended a little metallic oxide to give the tint it is desired to attain, in what we may with all due respect describe as the pancake.

The next step is the cooking. The mixture is placed in a skittle-shaped pot which comes from the Morgan works on the riverside, known by the clock-tower to every South Londoner; and these pots, after much preliminary warming, are set in a furnace of the usual glass-works type, "siege," "cave," and all complete; in fact, at this stage the making of mosaic is identical with the process of making glass as practised at Stourbridge and elsewhere. Easily imaginable are the tremendous fire, the concentrated heat, the clear glow and blinding spurts of flame, the flagged floors and scantily clothed men, steaming and perspiring, stoking and prying amid piles of coke and ember and clinker; and the fiery accessories and incidentals warming up occasionally into that hottest of all tasks, removing a worn-out pot from its place on the almost melting "siege." It is one of the sultriest of sights, and strikingly picturesque in its Rembrandtish play of flickering flame and varying gloom amid which daylight and fire-light strive for mastery; and there is nothing cool about it except the order and method necessary for success, for once the fire is lighted it is never let go out, and any hitch or stoppage would

be a waste of energy too expensive to be profitable or even allowable.

As it is with the opal, so is it with the colored material, all of which consists of certain proportions of ground cullet and silver sand and coloring powders, mostly oxides, cupric and otherwise, accustomed at certain temperatures, and at different periods under such temperatures, to give certain shades and tones out of the twenty-five thousand varied hues which form the gamut of the complete mosaic-maker. Accustomed, be it noted, for nothing is absolutely trustworthy in the manufacture of glass, which resembles cooking in nothing so much as the prevalence of the unexpected, dependent on the humor and skill of the individual artist, who has to trust to feel and look, and not to thermometers, to ensure the boiling being done to a turn.

When the desired color and consistency are obtained, which may not be until the pot has been some fourteen hours in the furnace, an iron bar about five feet long is heated at the tip and introduced into the molten glass for a blob of the glowing jelly to be "gathered" thereon, much as you would take out some treacle on the point of a stick. The blob is rolled about on a "marver" to roughly shape it, just as is done in a glass factory, and it is then laid on the bed of a screw-press adjusted to a nicety, and down on it comes the platen, squeezing it so as to form a round or square cake, divided by cross furrows which make it look like a slab of sweetstuff ready to be broken into tablets.

The cooling of the cakes is a leisurely process, extending over some eight or ten hours. Six dozen, all hot, are packed into a four-wheeled iron truck standing in the "leat" close by. The leat is the annealing oven, a long tunnel with a fire at one end giving the same temperature as that of the cakes at the time of their introduction, and open to the outer air at the other. Along the floor of the tunnel is a line of rails on which the train of trucks is run, the trucks being hooked one behind the other and slowly hauled

through by means of a winch. Simple as it seems, annealing requires attention. The principle is that the interior of the glass should cool at the same rate as the outside, for if the outside cools more quickly than the mass a series of strains is set up which may result in the cracking of the cake. If the temperature is too high to begin with, the cakes will fuse together; if it is too low they will become brittle; if it falls suddenly at any time during the tunnel journey, a whole truckload may be rendered useless; and so it comes about that there is a strong percentage of failures, which on emergence into the daylight have to be sorted out and returned to the pot. The perfect material is a hard, tough, glassy cake, about nine inches in diameter, or nine inches on the side of the square, cut up into inch squares by parallel grooves crossing at right angles.

These cakes are of two qualities and thicknesses. Those from which wall decorations are to be made are three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and are practically pure opaque glass; those from which the flooring is to come are half an inch thick, and are of a much denser and duller character owing to the large proportion of sand in the mixture, which exceeding sandiness it is that gives the grip to the feet, and makes mosaic flooring so much easier and less tiring to walk on than tiles, or even polished wood.

The cakes are sorted out according to color and stored away in bins. They are of the same texture all through, but sometimes, owing to a slight difference in temperature between the upper and lower plates of the press, or some other cause, the upper and lower surfaces are of slightly different shades, a state of things not entirely accidental, for it is these almost imperceptible differences which come in so useful in drapery and other subjects, and give the finished work its artistic value.

As the colors are wanted the cakes are chipped off into tesserae. The process of cutting is simple enough to look at. A block of iron with square sides is rested on a table; the edge of

the cake is laid on the edge of the block, and a tap with an "axe," a curiously shaped short-handled hammer, like a segment of a circle in shape, heavy and sharp-edged, is given; and gradually, chip by chip, the cake is broken up into squares an inch or half an inch across. This chipping is not a rapid process. Even a skilful hand can only cut enough to cover a square yard in a day, but then he can chip into any shape or size that may be required, acute-angled or obtuse-angled, rectangular or otherwise; and it is not easy to do this with such a substance, as the unpractised hand soon discovers, owing to the toughness and shell-like fracture of the glass, which will not always follow the line of the grooves, although it is much assisted by them.

Such is the process adopted for all the material except the gold or silver stuff. For gold a special cake is made a little thinner than the rest, and of a rich chocolate-brown color. This is coated with a varnish and covered with leaf gold, which is burnt in as in the every-day painted glass trade. The silver cakes are prepared in the same way, although silver is rarely used owing to its weakness in decoration. Every other color is got in the melting-pot after a cooking of some fourteen hours or so, the tints being chiefly due to iron or manganese, or, to a greater extent, copper—the most useful of metals, which will give red, blue, or green, according to quantity and temperature—and, to a smaller extent, cobalt, which is so powerful a dye that even a few grains will color a potful.

And now, having got our tesserae, which some call "smalts," let us proceed to put them together; and as our representative design for mural work, we cannot do better than take the three figures which have recently been placed in a church at Caterham in Surrey, and which are notable, first, for their excellence, and, secondly, for the contrast they afford with the ancient wall decoration at Chaldon close by, and which all antiquaries know so well.

It is not every design that will lend itself readily to treatment in mosaic.

The difficulty is, of course, greater in figure subjects than in matters more or less geometrical, and thus it is that while geometrical designs are drawn to scale, designs for figures are usually full size, just as Raffaele drew his cartoons full size for the tapestry it was intended to copy from them. Mr. Millson's cartoons, are nearly eight feet high, and are as bold and pleasing as drawings as their rendering is in mosaic.

The first step is the tracing of the design, which, if it be to scale, has to be enlarged to full size on tracing paper. From this outline tracing placed face downwards a transfer is made with carbonic paper in the same way as a shopman "manifolds" his bills. In this way a reversed copy is obtained which is parted in sections on to pieces of cardboard or strawboard sufficiently strong to be worked upon, and to stand the weight of the tesserae that are to be stuck down on to them in the next stage.

When these strawboard templates are all prepared, one of them is laid on a flat table of slate and smeared with a sticky substance that looks like glue and treacle. The original design is hung up close at hand, and the men set to work, like a child with a box of bricks, to choose the tesserae that seem to match the original in color, and bit by bit they build up the picture; but, unlike the child, they build their picture up face downwards, and their art consists not only in matching colors, but in sticking down the little pieces of glass far enough apart for the cement that is coming to find its way between, and not too far apart or too near together to spoil the look of the patchwork. Section after section is built up face downwards in this way, until the picture is complete, all but any large area of background of one color, which, sometimes in wall work and always in floor work, is filled in direct at a later stage.

When all is ready for fixing, the sections on the strawboard and the "random" stuff, if any, used for filling in the background are taken with some

Portland cement to the scene of operations; and there, on a bed of cement an inch and a half deep, the tesserae, paper side outwards, are placed and pressed so that the cement works its way up into the spaces between them. When the tesserae are properly levelled and set they are left to dry, and then the temporary backing of strawboard on which they were arranged is stripped away, and a final coat of thin cement run over to fill in what stray interstices may be left, and the whole picture is washed over to leave it clean and solid.

And either on the wall or on the floor it seems to be indestructible. Twenty years and more ago this mosaic was used in South Kensington Museum, and it is still as good as ever; it has been used at Windsor Castle, at Marlborough House, at Sandringham, in many municipal buildings, and recently, and largely, in the Imperial Institute; and everywhere it has given no signs of deterioration, and is noticeable for its decorative effect and its freedom from slipperiness, due, as above hinted, to its peculiar composition, and also in no slight measure to its thin boundaries of cement.

Of course it is not the only mosaic. Marble mosaic is also extensively used, in which the tesserae are chipped into cubes from slabs sawn from blocks, these cubes being dealt with in the same way as the smalts, being stuck face downwards on to thick paper, and eventually bedded in a similar manner to the others. But in the final stage there is a difference, for whereas the marble is ground smooth and level with a "float," the vitreous has to be pressed level while the cement is wet, the grinding down of a glass by manual labor being for all practical purposes labor in vain.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

THE church belonging to the little seaside parish in which my boyhood was passed stood amidst green fields a

mile or two away from the sea. It had been originally a tiny building, whose chief claim to notice was the quaint little Saxon porch under which strange antiquaries might occasionally be seen uncouthly gesticulating to the admiration of the natives. In my time the glimpses of the old structure which the giant yew-trees, beneath whose boughs slumbered the farmers and fishermen and the fishermen-farmers (for the trades were frequently combined) of past generations, grudgingly permitted to worshippers approaching by the field path, were rather misleading. Such of the antiquaries aforesaid who chanced to be acquainted with Virgil may even have recalled in their disappointment the poet's description of Scylla:—

A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
With barking dogs deformed her nether
parts.

The seaside village had once aspired to become a watering-place, and the churchwardens had undertaken the duty of providing the additional accommodation for which it was hoped that visitors would soon be eagerly competing. Having no genius like Scott at their call, or indeed any money to pay him with, and being therefore left to their own resources (which they no doubt considered equal to the occasion), these officials ran out at the back of the old church a square brick building, which they crowned with a slate roof. This triumph of churchwardens' Gothic was invisible to those who approached from the fields, and a cold shiver of disappointment struck the new-comer when the sacrilege was first apparent. About four-fifths of the church was brand new, so that the narrow slice of the original stone building was almost lost in the new temple of bricks and mortar. A gallery supported by iron props ran round the new interior, and part of this, which resembled a bow-window turned inwards, was appropriated to the organist, the organ, and the choir. The organ was a "grinder," and required no great amount of skill in the manipulator. Not that that was the opinion of the

gentleman (in private life the village grocer) who did us the honor of turning the handle. To him, what some might consider a mere matter of routine, was an important ceremony partaking almost of the nature of a sacrament; the part of his religion which moved him most, and which he thought should chiefly move others. "Them sermons is all very well," he would say, "but give me my music." A gilt-lettered inscription affixed to the front of the organ-loft handed down to a grateful, or possibly pilloried for a thankless and derisive posterity the names of the two worthies who had provided this rich treat for future antiquaries.

Our pew was a large square one in the new part of the church, and approached by a flight of stone steps. For some inscrutable reason the new building was located on a higher level than the old one. The old chancel, which by some miracle had escaped intact, ran on by itself when the new part was done with, and formed a sort of cave whence the minister's voice was wont to issue with a strangely muffled sound. We in the new church had to wait for its tardy arrival round the corner (where it sometimes met with a gust of wind which blew it back again) before we could "respond." The remainder of the old part of the church was given up to an enormous "churching-pew" (which I remember to have been in constant requisition), and the most elaborate form of "three-decker" that it has ever been my good fortune to meet with. That it was of exceptional height will be gathered from the fact that though it started from the pit of the old church, and had therefore got up to the knees, as it were, before it became visible to the occupants of the new building, it still managed to make a very respectable show. Commencing with a square box for the clerk, the edifice was continued by a large, double reading-desk adapted to accommodate two parsons, the chief and his subordinate, one of whom reposed in turn in either corner. To this succeeded the pulpit, reached by quite

a long flight of rather crazy-looking stairs, and placed immediately under a vast "sounding-board" which swung by a chain from a hook more or less securely fixed in the flat plaster ceiling. The thought of that sounding-board — supposing it to have been solid (which I doubt) and to have broken away from its moorings, it would have flattened an average incumbent into a wafer — must have played sad havoc with the ideas of even the coolest clerical Damocles.

The congregation, like the church, was rather mixed. We began with a duke, then dropped down to half a score or so of admirals, and an equal number of post-captains, so called I suppose from their having no posts. Then came a military official of some sort with a red nose and collar to match, and after him the smaller fry. A little squire with a big family had a pew in the old part adjoining the chancel. We children used to peep over our boundary fence — save at Christmas time when the sprigs of holly with which the top of it was adorned by the beadle converted it into a prickly hedge — and watch them at their devotions far below as at the bottom of a well. In the summer time the cockney visitors used to attend for the express purpose of staring at the duke. They would sit in rows on the steps — the local gentry as a rule declining to admit them into their pews — with, so to speak, cocked eye-glasses ready to let off appreciative glances so soon as the great man made his appearance. Our duke was very deaf, and used politely to fix a patent arrangement in his ear when the parson took his position under the sounding-board. This done he would go quietly off to sleep. He was very good-natured, and did his best to accommodate gazers, but his capacity was (in this case only) limited. He used to wear white trousers and a spencer. A spencer was a sort of Eton jacket worn over a long coat. I have never seen any one in a spencer since, from which I conclude that their day is over. Most certainly there are no men like our duke left to wear them.

Grocers, butchers, bakers, farmers

(who though not much considered were yet far from having reached the lower depth of their present degradation) occupied seats a little removed from the quality and from the naval and military departments. The sailors used to lounge in in their rough jackets, looking much too large for the church. When they stood up in their allotted portion of the gallery their heads almost touched the ceiling or upper deck, which, I suppose, suited them to a T. Somehow or other they seemed to bring in the murmur of the sea; perhaps they carried it about with them as seashells do. The bees in summer used to come humming in through the open windows, and the effect altogether on warm afternoons was decidedly drowsy. As a rule people used to slumber peacefully during the afternoon service; but to this there were the usual exceptions. It was indeed on one of these drowsy afternoons, being home from school for the holidays, that, instead of yielding to the slumbrous influences of the place and hour, I sat up very straight on my seat, having just discovered that I was in love. The object of my youthful affections was the daughter of a little neighboring squire whose village was without a church, and whose family therefore used frequently to attend service at ours. Miss Julia Barton was a great friend of my sisters, and it was her custom on Sunday, after assisting in the choir, to dine at our house between the services. Not that I thought she "assisted" in the choir; to me she was the choir. I used to gaze rapturously on her charming face while it remained above the horizon, and when it sank (as it used to at intervals) below the green baize curtain that embellished the front of the organ-loft, I would fix my eyes fondly on the spot where it went down, and whence it might be expected sooner or later (I always fancied it later) to emerge. I have outlived many illusions, but I still believe her to have been the most charming girl in the world. She was sweet (oh, how sweet!) seventeen, tall and fair, with

the bluest of blue eyes. She wore her brown hair arranged in the broad side-plaits which were then the fashion, at least in the country. No doubt she made merry (she was always making merry) at my expense; but I did not know it, and if I had known, should not have cared. I was utterly unmindful of the wide gap between a girl of seventeen and a boy of fourteen, and saw nothing in the least absurd in my devotion.

When poets sing the delights of love they are not generally supposed to be alluding to "calf" love; yet I doubt whether that phase of the passion deserves the contempt which is so frequently all the notice bestowed on it. Possibly a poet, or a writer of prose, wearied with depicting the endless joys or sorrows of mature lovers might find a little labor spent in portraying it not unrewarded. The boyish victim feels a rapture that he is probably not destined to experience again. The sensations that crowd his young bosom are as strange as he finds them pleasing, and he has not at first any idea as to what ails him. On future occasions the experienced youth will not be at a loss to name the weapon wherewith he has been wounded. Next time there may be, there are sure to be, selfish desires; now there is but a duty to perform, to lay the tiny offering (a poor thing, but his best) on a perhaps not totally unaccustomed shrine.

Men have long since grown to be too clever and too wise to see perfection anywhere; but Julia was perfection to me, and for several happy weeks I fluttered gaily about the candle. I escorted her from church, sat next her at dinner, and on one or two occasions was even permitted to accompany her home in the evenings. I devoutly wished ("now I am further off from heaven than when I was a boy") that there were six Sundays in the week instead of one. But the sweeter the dream the ruder often is the wakening. I shall not have written in vain if I succeed in impressing upon young ladies of seventeen that boys of fourteen are not (perhaps I should say

were not) always absolutely destitute of feeling.

Our parson was neither rector, vicar nor curate. Like his parish he was a sort of nondescript; neither fish nor fowl. Men called him a Perpetual Curate. It is now so long since I have met with any one holding that particular ecclesiastical rank that I presume that, like other and possibly better things, the Perpetual Curate has been for some reason, good or insufficient, abolished. It is passing strange that I can recall no other custom or institution however useless over whose grave some *laudator temporis acti* has not been ready to shed a tear. Why he was called *Perpetual* I have never been able to guess. The fact of the race having perished is proof sufficient that the title was a misnomer. Our Perpetual Curate was a short, common-looking, middle-aged man with a freckled face and a snub nose. His most striking personal characteristics were an inordinate appetite for snuff and a craving for small beer, a jug of which beverage used to accompany him to his bedroom when he sought repose. It was probably not his fault that his regulation black clothes were always extremely shabby, and shone not with newness. He lived, as also had been the custom for the movable Perpetuals who had preceded him, over the baker's shop at the fishing-end of the village, no rectory, vicarage, or parsonage having been provided for his accommodation, nor is it likely that any of these words would have rightly described his professional domicile, supposing him to have had one. I had enjoyed my dream of happiness but for a few short weeks when it appeared to strike the Perpetual that the walk to and from the baker's shop between the services in hot weather was a work of supererogation. Possibly (very possibly, I think), the place was stuffy when he got there, and he may also have found it dull. There may have been moments when self-communion, even with a Perpetual Curate was scarcely a joy. Whatever the reason, he shortly became a constant guest at

our early Sunday dinners. I forget whether it was on his second or third appearance that he coolly wedged himself in between me and my charmer, and engaged her with an elephantine airiness, for which I was entirely unprepared, in gay and unparochial small talk. I had an uneasy laugh or two in my sleeve at his elderly gambols; but I shall never forget my feelings when a few weeks later my mother announced (as if it was a matter in which I could have little or no interest) that Julia and the Perpetual were engaged. If I have never felt as shocked, I have certainly seldom felt as foolish as on that occasion. However, there was no help for it. I went back to school in due course, and if I did not quickly recover from the blow I had at least sense enough to bow to the inevitable.

Years, long years passed before I saw the fortunate bridegroom again. In the interval I am greatly afraid that "there had been many other lodgers in my heart's most secret cell" once occupied by the divine Julia. I have no doubt that it was chiefly due to his wife's charming manners and appearance—for a beautiful woman has in all ages been the best of all canvassers—that shortly after his marriage the Perpetual was presented to a good living in a distant part of the county. It was not long before he was actually a desired guest at the palace, and at the houses of the local aristocracy. People are said (some people, that is) to improve with prosperity, and this may occasionally be the case. More often, no doubt, it is the way of the world to excuse, or even to admire, in prosperous people the errors and vulgarities which were noticeable, and unpleasant, in the days of their indigence. Of old nobody had seemed to think him anything out of the way save in being duller and snuffer than the majority. But to have been able to win the affections (as I suppose he did) of such a charming woman was proof positive of the possession of something, albeit invisible, above the common. I am sure I have earnestly tried to be fair.

One day I unexpectedly found my-

self in the neighborhood of my ancient flame, and of course lost no time in calling. While I was talking to Julia (who looked almost as young and charming as ever) and her husband, three fine youngsters came into the room. I might have left with the impression that I had seen the whole family, but on a sudden an awful noise, as if the house was falling, was heard overhead, followed quickly by the sounds of infant weeping.

"Ah!" exclaimed the ex-Perpetual with a sigh, as his wife rushed hurriedly from the room, "there are five more up-stairs."

I never forgave him that sigh.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

KEYS FOUND IN LOCHLEVEN.

AFTER Mary Queen of Scots had succeeded in effecting her escape from the grim old fortress of Lochleven, when a furlong from the shore, her deliverer, Willie Douglas, threw the keys which had brought her her sighed-for freedom into the waters of the lake. There they lay till the dry summer of 1805, when a boy named William Honeyman, while strolling on its banks, picked up a bunch of five keys, large and small, described as being of "antique workmanship, and fastened by an iron ring, which mouldered away when rubbed by the hand." These the finder thoughtfully carried to the parish schoolmaster, Mr. John Taylor, who immediately forwarded them to the Earl of Morton, hereditary keeper of Lochleven Castle, at Dalmahoy, near Edinburgh, where they still remain.

Another relic of Queen Mary was discovered when the loch was drained in 1821. It was a sceptre with a cane stem, kilted with ivory and mounted with silver. "It had probably," says Miss Agnes Strickland, "formed part of her travelling regalia in happier days when she visited Lochleven, where she had a throne and cloth of estate, and occasionally gave receptions."

At the Exhibition of the Royal House of Stuart, recently held at the New

Gallery, Regent Street, one of the most interesting of the numerous relics of Mary Queen of Scots was a "gold or richly gilt key, with a gothic bow highly decorated, damasked over with engraved flowers, having the date 1568 deeply cut along the edges of the wards, and the inscription 'Mary Reg.' round the rim of the bow."

This key, which was taken out of Lochleven, was lent by Lady Elizabeth Leslie-Melville Cartwright, and the following history of its discovery was appended to this touching souvenir of the Scottish queen:—

"This key was found by some fishermen in their nets. Taken by them to the minister of Kinross, who gave it to Lord Leven. He sent it to Lady Harriet St. Clair for the purpose of having it sketched. She had a sketch made of it, which sketch is now at Dysart House."

A "curious and ancient iron key, much corroded, measuring seven inches in length, and showing remains of inlaid brass and richly cut wards, with rounded ornament on stem, and remains of art-handle," stated to have been found at Lochleven, was presented to the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries by Professor Simpson in 1829.

Another antique key of elaborate workmanship, having figures of angels and birds twisted into the scroll-work which forms the handle, was found by a young man while digging among the ruins of Lochleven Castle in the autumn of 1831.

The large and very elegant key in the family of Adam, of Blair-Adam, which was exhibited at Queen Mary's Tercentenary Exhibition at Peterborough, was given to the grandfather of the late Sir John Adam by Sir Walter Scott, who "believed it to be the key of the apartments in Lochleven Castle, having received it from a most trustworthy source."

In the *liber rarissimus* of Blair-Adam the key is thus referred to by the writer: "I must remark in passing that Sir Walter Scott was so pleased with our meetings (of the Blair-Adam

Club) that he never missed attending them from 1817 to 1831, when the fatal loss of health obliged him to seek for its restoration in foreign parts. Before he went abroad he presented me with a pledge of his regard, on which I set a high value—a most curious and magnificent key of great size, which he said in the note accompanying it had been given to him as the key of the apartments in Lochleven Castle in which Queen Mary was confined. He added that it should be followed by a more particular account of how he came by it. In the mean time, he said, the friend who had sent it to him was a sound antiquary, not likely to be imposed on himself, and sure not wilfully to impose on others. That that gentleman believed it to be the key. As to himself, Sir Walter added that he would only say that if it was not the key, it deserved to be so from its elegance, strength, and structure. I afterwards received the more detailed and particular account."

The hill, or height, where the queen was believed to have landed on the lake shore obtained, it is supposed, in memory of that event, the name of the "Mary Knowe;" but the place pointed out by Honeyman when in his sixty-eighth year to Robert Annan, Esq., surgeon, Kinross, and others, as being that where he had found the keys when a lad, is about three-quarters of a mile to the north of that hill—"from the eastern, or Fish Gate¹ of Kinross House, one hundred and seventy-two yards, and from the eastern wall of the old churchyard, eighty-four yards."

An additional bunch of eight keys,² united by a brooch and flat hook—supposed, from their "unique" form and fine workmanship, to have been those of Queen Mary's wardrobes—were also found in 1831, by a native of Kinross, in a "little sandy bay" on the north side of the islet known as the "Paddock Bower," less than three hundred yards to the eastward of the

¹ So called from the basket of fish sculptured on the top.

² Now in the possession of the S. S. A., Edinburgh.

old churchyard of Kinross, nearly in a line with the donjon of the castle, and with the spot—one hundred yards distant—where the large keys now at Dalmahoy were formerly picked up.

From the circumstance of the finding of the keys near to the north-west margin of the lake, and other corroborative evidence, Mr. Annan, from whose interesting notes on the antiquities of Kinross-shire we have derived the greater part of our information, dismisses as improbable the "Mary Knowe" tradition. He strengthens his arguments by pointing out the fact that had Mary in the course of her adventurous voyage made that her goal, she must have passed a castellated edifice,¹ belonging to, and then occupied by, the Douglasses of Lochleven, which, had the poor queen attempted to do with her slender retinue, consisting of three persons, namely, Jane Kennedy, the youth Willie Douglas, and a little girl of ten years, and that in the twilight of a May evening, she would have exposed herself to almost certain recapture.

Happily, however, all went well with the royal lady on this memorable occasion. She accomplished her landing in safety, and her dreary imprisonment of ten months and a half was now at an end.

A little later on, and Mary, full of hope and animation, escorted by the horsemen headed by John Beton, brother to the Archbishop of Glasgow, who had received her on the lake shore, "swept past the hostile neigh-

borhood of Sir William Kirkaldy, of Grange, unquestioned, and gained the Fifeshire coast, when, speeding over the rough waters of the Firth, she and her rapidly increasing company landed, according to local tradition, at the ancient wooden pier which formerly jutted into the sea just above the tower of South Queensferry, where she was met and welcomed by Lord Claud Hamilton, son of the Duke of Châtelherault, at the head of fifty armed cavaliers of his name and lineage, and other loyalists of the neighborhood."

Afterwards she was conducted by the devoted Lord Seton to his castle of West Niddrie, in Linlithgowshire, where, alas! amid joyful greetings and renewed homage, was enacted the "last bright scene" of Mary Stuart's sadly chequered existence. Here let us leave her, exulting in her newly found freedom, once more a queen, and surrounded by those of her nobles and gentlemen whom, as Miss Agnes Strickland beautifully expresses it, "English gold had not corrupted, nor successful treason daunted."²

ELLEN E. GUTHRIE.

¹ Mr. Annan, in his notes, says that if the south-eastern or Glassen Tower, also named Queen Mary's Tower, from a vague tradition that the unfortunate queen was imprisoned in it, was really the scene of her confinement, the most insecure place in all the fortress had been chosen for her prison house, its windows being only some nine feet from the ground; and that no part of Kinross is visible from it. Whereas, if Sir Walter Scott's account of Mary's escape in "The Abbot" be accepted as the true one, where he makes it appear that a light shone nightly from the cottage of Blinkhoolie as a signal to the royal captive and her watchful attendants, and which also corresponds with the supposed route as indicated by the finding of the various keys, then the queen's apartments must have been in the west side of the donjon.

ACTION OF QUININE.—An explanation of the therapeutic effect of quinine in malaria has been found. So long ago as 1867 Dr. Karl Binz, professor of pharmacology at Bonn, gave an explanation which was little noticed at the time, but has now been signally confirmed by the discovery of the germ of malaria. He showed that quinine hydrochlorate, with neutral or slightly basic

reaction, is a strong poison for the proto-plasms of decomposing plants, and greatly hinders many fermenting and putrescent processes. A. Laveran, the discoverer of the *Plasmodium malarie*, has demonstrated that this organism disappears from the blood of malaria patients after the administering of quinine, and that quinine, if permitted to act upon it directly, kills it.

English Mechanic.

